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A Lincoln

THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*A BIOGRAPHY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN PRESIDENT FROM
AN ENTIRELY NEW STANDPOINT, WITH FRESH
AND INVALUABLE MATERIAL.*

LINCOLN'S LIFE AND CHARACTER
PORTRAYED BY THOSE WHO KNEW HIM.

A SERIES OF PEN-PICTURES
BY FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS, AND DAILY ASSOCIATES, DURING HIS WHOLE CAREER.

ESTIMATES AND IMPRESSIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN,
WITH REMINISCENCES, INCIDENTS, AND TRIBUTES
FROM UNIVERSAL SOURCES.

A COMPLETE
PERSONAL DESCRIPTION AND BIOGRAPHY
OF HIM WHO WAS
*THE HUMBLEST AND GREATEST OF AMERICAN CITIZENS,
THE TRUEST AND MOST LOYAL OF MEN,
AND A CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.*

WITH NEARLY 100 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PREPARED AND ARRANGED BY

FRANCIS F. BROWNE,

Compiler of "The Golden Treasury of Poetry and Prose," "Poems of the Civil War," etc.

NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS:
N. D. THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO.
1886.

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CRITICAL OPINIONS

— :OF: —

MR. BROWNE'S NEW WORK,

“The Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln.”

The simple announcement, last Autumn, of the publication of this important work (upon which Mr. Browne had spent so many years of earnest, painstaking labor) was followed by a demand very remarkable, both in character and extent. Within three months of its appearance, four large editions were exhausted, and the evidences of its approval continue daily to increase. The public, without distinction of party, race or section, have accepted it as the **People's History** of the most wonderful individual career of modern times. Historians, scholars and statesmen, and Lincoln's surviving friends and associates, pronounce it the **Standard Life** of our greatest President. The publishers confess to some embarrassment in selecting from the **hundreds** of appreciative reviews which have been voluntarily given the work in the American press. They take the liberty, however, of submitting the following **specimen extracts**,—representing, as will be seen, the very highest and most influential journalistic, literary and critical talent of the day,—and candidly ask a careful consideration of these testimonials, every line of which has its distinct and weighty meaning. Many of the reviews from which these extracts are taken, were from *one to three columns in length*.

The “INDIVIDUAL OPINIONS” and the “SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM AGENT'S LETTERS” also appended, are taken at random from the immense correspondence the Publishers continue daily to receive; and though **specimens merely**, they will be found of interest, as illustrating the enthusiastic reception accorded this great work, by an appreciative public, and the consequent **exceptionally agreeable** and **successful** nature of the business of its sale.

Press Testimonials, (Specimens.)

CHICAGO NEWS.

While the publishers of the Century Magazine have been parading, with great flourish of trumpets, their biography of Lincoln, there has been quietly going through the press, a work which anticipates that of Messrs. Hay and Nicolay, and which covers the ground so thor-

oughly that it is difficult to believe the Century biography can add much to the material there collected, or even, in many respects, equal it in freshness of impression and fullness of detail.

As far as the comparison can at present be extended, Mr. Browne's work is much superior to the Century biography; those chap-

ters of it which correspond to the chapters already published by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay being far the richer in reminiscence while about equal in length. Even in regard to the war period, notwithstanding the exceptional position occupied by the Century biographers, they will find it difficult to improve upon the present work.

Mr. Browne has spent many years in the collection of his material. Ignoring, as far as possible, the previous lives of Lincoln, the author has been for many years in correspondence with Lincoln's friends and acquaintances, who have furnished him with a mass of narrative material, the greater part of which has never before been published in any form. The gaps existing in this matter have been properly supplied; the whole has been properly pruned and fitted together, and the result is a narrative of Lincoln's life, from childhood to his tragic death, that is not only superior to all pre-existing works on the subject, but is, to our mind, one of the most remarkable biographies ever produced.

The book gives, as few biographies do, a feeling of nearness to its subject, and it has more than the fascination of a novel; it is, moreover, a book that few will find it easy to put aside half read for some future occasion. What made Mr. Lincoln all that he was can never be fully explained. A poor boy, forced to struggle with all adverse conditions, pure force of character placed him in the highest rank of men, and gave him to rule over the nation, during its great crisis, with a wisdom unsurpassed in history. No man may pluck out the heart of this mystery; the best that can be done is to place it clearly in view, and this task the present author has accomplished in a manner incomparably superior to that of any of his predecessors.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Mr. Browne's profusely illustrated book gives a more accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the home life and the private and public history of Mr. Lincoln than any other publication that has yet fallen under our observation. Hundreds not only of his early friends when a boy, a boatman, and a rail-splitter, but of those who were associated with him in his political and presidential career, have contributed an almost

infinite variety of facts and anecdotes, each in his own language. Lincoln's ancestry and his own early surroundings were purely American. Mr. Browne's book makes all this evident in a way that can not be misunderstood.

THE CRITIC, (New York.)

Unlike the current serial by Hay and Nicolay, unlike all other biographies of Mr. Lincoln, is this one, produced by Mr. Browne, editor of the *Chicago Dial*. The scheme of Mr. Browne's unique work was to bring together all personal information that could be obtained directly from Mr. Lincoln's intimate associates which could illustrate and interpret his life and character. For this purpose the author was for many years in correspondence with Lincoln's friends and acquaintances—a very large circle—who furnished a mass of desirable material, the most of which has never before been published.

From this treasury of reminiscence, anecdote, descriptive traits and scenes, Mr. Browne has compiled, with great labor and a fine sense of fitness and proportion, this large octavo volume. Mr. Browne has succeeded with peculiar felicity in making these varied, rich, suggestive, often picturesque accounts by those who knew Mr. Lincoln from his childhood to his death, tell their own story, and make up the true portraiture of the man.

The picture that comes out of the concurring testimony of so many witnesses, that shows him in so many attitudes, circumstances, and situations, revealing all sides of his nature and the spirit that was in him, is one of wonderful fascination and power. One reads on with a sense of intimacy with the subject that cannot come from any mere delineations of a deliberate biographer. There is no escaping the vivid impression which these life-scenes make of Lincoln's marvellous personality—his inherent nobility, tender humanity, sacrificial spirit; his gentleness, wisdom, patient sufferings, profound intuitions; his genius for statesmanship, his heroic temper and his intense patriotism. No other Life of Lincoln, however faithful in delineation of his services and surroundings or admirable in literary execution, can take the place filled by this curious and unique volume.

CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

Every chapter of this book is charming. It abounds in anecdotes, reminiscence, biography, and the numberless little things that become deeply interesting and instructive in connection with such a life. Very many of the incidents and anecdotes are new, and all are arranged by Mr. Browne with a skill and method that are admirable. Abraham Lincoln stands prominently in the front rank of great men. This work shows truly his unique personality and many-sidedness. It is the product of many years of labor, and right now is the very time for its issue.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

This well printed, well illustrated, and attractively and substantially bound volume, is a successful attempt to portray the life and character of Lincoln, as depicted by those who knew him. The author's very best material has been gained from the old settlers in Illinois and Indiana who remember Lincoln well, and whose stories have all the homely details that bring before the reader the rude life from which sprang the foremost American of the age. No biographer, were he ever so skillful a literary artist, could bring one so near to the real Lincoln as do these early associates of Lincoln in their recollections and anecdotes, and the singular feature of all their reminiscences is the unanimity with which they bear tribute to the manliness, the honor and the sterling good sense of the man whose life contains nothing which needs to be hidden or palliated. The story moves along without check or hindrance—as absorbing as a romance. It is a book which Americans would do well to read.

LITERARY WORLD, (Boston.)

This is certainly a good Life of Lincoln, full, faithful and interesting. It is extremely readable; it is as full of stories as a pudding of plums. "Chock-full" are these pages of memorabilia—the homely scenes of the early frontier life, the struggle into position, the exciting contests which attended the opening of the political career, the ferment to the presidency, the wonderful opening of the nation's consciousness and affection towards its new leader, the stormy years of the war, and the deep and sudden pathos of the end. Seldom is a false note

struck, either in style or in taste, and the story, with its rich abundance of details, sometimes amusing, sometimes pathetic, always picturesque, brings out with new distinction the spiritual greatness, the moral strength, the child-like humility, the god-like patience, the tenderness, the humor, the sad solitariness, the elevation, the sympathy, of this commanding and unique figure on the stage of American history.

THE ADVANCE, (Congregationalist.)

A most thoroughly interesting biography is this. Perhaps no other life of Lincoln brings the reader so near to the man himself, so that we seem to know him, not, as in the case of Washington, as a kind of distant, august personage, stately as the Washington monument and as cold, but rather as a man who in the time of our supreme struggle, impersonated the moral purpose, the tenderness and pathos of the nation to a degree never equaled by any other American citizen.

The volume is attractive in print and illustration. It is a capital book, which every American boy ought to read.

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL.

The plan of Mr. Browne's work is altogether different from that of the other biographies of Lincoln, especially from the *Century Life*. It brings out all the individual traits of his character with greater distinctness, and impresses them more vividly on the reader's mind, than it is possible for a more extended biography to do. There is nothing to distract attention from the great central figure, and there are no labored disquisitions on the hardships and consequent virtues of pioneer life, nor on the great problems of the civil war.

The reminiscences of Lincoln's pioneer days in Indiana and Illinois, and of his experiences on the circuit as a country lawyer, are particularly numerous and interesting. The public is perhaps less familiar with the events of his youth than with those of his later days, and so find stories of that time fresher and more entertaining.

The deep melancholy of President Lincoln, and other peculiarities of character, are

illustrated in a similar manner. Anecdotes and reminiscences of his eloquence, magnanimity, unfaltering courage, statesmanship, mercy, sagacity in military affairs, shrewd knowledge of men, literary tastes, retentiveness of memory, and in short, of all those traits and characteristics which made him great, are given in abundance. They have, moreover, the merit of being like Lincoln's own stories, peculiarly apt and to the point.

In less skillful hands a lack of continuity in the narrative would undoubtedly have resulted, but Mr. Browne's readers quickly discover that it is more than a mere compilation; that it is, in fact, a connected, chronologically arranged and complete biography, though constructed on a novel plan. Throughout, the book shows care, taste and discrimination. Its style is simple and lucid, with no straining after effect. As a literary work it will take high rank; as a biography of the President whose memory all American citizens revere, it is one of the best and most valuable that has as yet appeared.

KANSAS CITY STAR.

Mr. Browne is editor of the Chicago *Dial*, and an accomplished literary man; at once a judicious compiler of large experience and an excellent writer. He has here produced a remarkably entertaining volume. The book is also generously illustrated. It occupies a peculiar place in American literature; for, whatever biography of LINCOLN may be preferred, everybody will want this anecdotal life, both for the entertainment it yields, and the views of the martyr's character revealed by his intimates.

CHICAGO HERALD.

Mr. Browne's is an admirable book. The spirit in which it is conceived, and the manner in which the work is executed, are both excellent. It affords a very near approach to the *personality* of the man, and uncards many interesting facts, largely gathered from original and exclusive sources, which adds special interest to the work.

The reader beholds Abraham Lincoln at the age of twenty-one driving a team of oxen across the prairies of Illinois toward a new home in Macon County. Without friends,

money or education, and with nothing but the discouragements of a new country in sight, the prospect was gloomy enough. If at that time an inspired prophet had been able to predict the future of this ungainly boy no one would have been credulous enough to believe the prophecy.

Mr. Browne shows none of Hay's bigotry as a historian, for in the current *Century* John Hay gives evidence of a pettiness of disposition which augurs ill of his capacity to accomplish satisfactorily the task he and Mr. Nicolay have set themselves.

THE INDEPENDENT, (New York.)

This "Life" is an immensely entertaining book. The author has collected from all sources what suited his purpose, limiting his own part to the weaving of these fragments into a consistent and pleasing whole. It is an anecdotal biography begun some years ago. The accumulation of matter for it, and the selection of correspondence and of anecdote from the overwhelming supplies offered, have delayed its appearance. It is now issued in an octavo of 747 pages of good, large readable type.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

The preparation of this work has been a task involving much labor and demanding great judgement and discretion. Mr. Browne has performed the task in a manner worthy of his ambition and his great subject. He has so presented the common round of Abraham Lincoln's existence as to make his life and character more clear and comprehensible to the world, while at the same time the mysterious nature of that deep and noble existence is emphasized and borne in upon its understanding with wonderful force.

In no event of his youth was Lincoln fortunate. Poverty, it is true, has been the rough but kindly nurse of many great souls, but the poverty of the Lincoln family was of a peculiarly unpromising kind. It was the poverty of ignorance and indolence. Of education, in its usual sense, Lincoln had none. No trace is found of any ennobling friendship or companionship in his boyish years. Heredity, environment—neither of these modern shibboleths can be pronounced over the lesson of his example.

Mr. Browne has rightly given careful attention to Abraham Lincoln's childish and

youthful life, and the pages in which the meagre instruction, the crude pleasures, the school-boy traits, the passionate and earnest questionings, and eager reading of every book that came within his reach are described, are the most fascinating in the book. The awkward, half-clad, bashful boy was burning with enthusiasm and ambition, and had vague premonitions of a great career.

The story of Lincoln's struggling, starved, pinched boyhood is pathetic almost beyond tears; and told, as it is, with the unconscious realism of the simple neighbors of the back-woods, brought out by the scope and steady aim of the author of this work, these pages arouse and enlist every fibre of the heart, and make it ready to appreciate the strangeness of the great life which followed such a boyhood.

The whole long and toilsome way walked by the giant youth from his humble home to his high and crushing honors, and to his martyrdom in Washington, is illustrated by Mr. Browne with a wealth of anecdotes and reminiscences. It is curious to read, in the light of to-day, the views of even Lincoln himself upon the question of slavery. What the head of the Nation endured in the war period one can imagine. The failures, the defeats, the humiliations in the field, the plottings, the treasons, the false professions at home, were enough indeed to furrow with deep wrinkles that homely face which came to be enshrined in all loyal hearts at last.

CHICAGO TIMES.

This book does Mr. Browne credit. It is no small task to take such a mass of material as must have come into his possession during the several years he had the work in hand, and even arrange it in order which shall be not merely substantially chronological, but symmetrical also in other respects, not to speak of the still more perplexing task of culling the best material for such arrangement. There is a great mass of anecdote illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's character, and much of it graphically illustrative of the tremendous burden carried by him during the war, and the strange but effective means he often took to relieve the frightful nervous tension under which he suffered.

Mr. Lincoln was one of the strongest characters in history. It was largely from a vein

which it is no discredit to any character to call coarseness of texture that he derived his resiliency, his elasticity. Such a vein crops out in this volume in the extraordinary things that enraged Stanton and offended the patrician nostrils of Chase and Sumner, and men of that stamp; but in no other book printed about him is it so clearly shown that out of this peculiar trait—weakness, doubtless, Stanton called it—its possessor drew constantly fresh strength to meet accumulating trials.

Mr. Browne's volume certainly gives a fuller picture of the man Lincoln than is found elsewhere, besides showing the leading points of relation between his personal character and his public career.

NEW YORK EVENING POST.

This well printed volume of 750 pages abundantly illustrates the *personal* traits of Lincoln. It is particularly rich in stories and anecdotes, and there are more than sixty illustrations.

NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, (Methodist.)

This is a book that will lure a reader on hour after hour. There is a rare charm in its collection of personal photographic word-sketches made by Mr. Browne, who subordinates the author's temptations to self-presentation, and, Boswell like, is honestly and honorably content to let his topic shine. We shall read every one of the 750 pages, and thousands will share our surprised, puzzled delight.

THE BOOK RECORD, (New York.)

This capital book has magnetic power. The person, the facts, the excellency of portrayal, are all meritorious. A most complete personal description and biography, and one hundred illustrations. A good book.

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE.

LIVES OF LINCOLN.—The installments of the Century's "Life of Lincoln" that have thus far appeared do not reach the highest biographical standards, and leave something to be desired, at least by the more critical and discerning part of the public. But while Messrs. Nicolay and Hay have been

Specimen Extracts from Agents' Letters.

The Lincoln book sells at sight almost, to those who can afford to buy books. I only wish my school was out, to give me more time for the canvass. Please send me another Key.

E. L. KING,

Trumbull Co., Ohio.

Enclosed find my order for 77 copies "Every-day Life of Lincoln." The work is a *success*.

A. J. POTTER,

Westchester Co., N. Y.

I secured Hon. B. M. Cutcheon, our representative in Congress, as a signer for the Lincoln book, and also a fine letter of recommendation; also Rev. Edward B. Fairfield, D. D. These gentlemen stand at the very head of our citizens. My two weeks work here has been very successful.

MRS. C. MULVEY,

Manistee, Mich.

The "Life of Lincoln" is giving universal satisfaction where delivered, and will continue to sell rapidly. I enclose report of 35 sales.

S. B. HINKENLOOPER,

Taylor Co., Iowa.

The people are deeply interested in the "Life of Lincoln," and I am doing well. Will order a box of books shortly.

H. W. GRAY,

Penobscot Co., Maine.

I have taken 35 subscriptions, and expect to greatly increase this number next week. I find the Lincoln book sells well, notwithstanding the scarcity of money. In my judgment, it is the best educator in true, manly character I have ever read, except the Bible.

E. C. PARKINSON,

Seward Co., Neb.

My sub-agent worked four days this week, and has taken 21 orders, all good. I started him exactly according to your instructions, drilling him myself. He is going to succeed finely.

WM. McCULLOUGH,

Lamar Co., Texas.

I have much to learn in selling books, yet taking orders has, in my experience thus far,

been comparatively easy. Since my last report I have taken 25 orders.

MRS. E. M. K. STECKEL,
McDonough Co., Ill.

The Lincoln Books came all right. Am well pleased, as are all others with it. They come up *fully* to the prospectus. Find report of 58 sales herewith.

WILLIAM KEDZIE,
Lenawee Co., Mich.

Herewith find another order for Lincoln books. They give the best of satisfaction, which makes it pleasant for me.

J. L. CRAWFORD,
Orange Co., New York.

Enclosed find weekly report. I have great satisfaction in handling the "Life of Lincoln," and as soon as possible shall give it my whole time. I sell to Democrats as readily as to Republicans.

A. J. BEWICK,
Cuyahoga Co., Ohio.

Everybody likes the Lincoln book. I shall continue to work every day that my health will permit. Will send another order shortly. I think the *Century* Life a poor thing, and I find a good many others who think the same.

WM. FOLAND,
Jasper Co., Mo.

I find the Lincoln book one that I can interest the people in easily. It is a delightful book.

JOHN W. GANGER,
Darke Co., Ohio.

In all the 132 Lincoln books I have delivered I have heard no complaints, but on the other hand, many expressions showing the high appreciation subscribers have for it. I am pleased to represent such a sterling good book.

A. J. POTTER,
Fairfield Co., Conn.

I received the box of Lincoln books, all in good condition, and they surprised me as much as they did the subscribers, by the superior and beautiful style in which they are put up. I am well pleased with your dealings throughout.

J. O. LARSEN,
Fillmore Co., Minn.

PREFACE.

This book aims to give a view, clearer and completer than has been or could be given before, of the personality of Abraham Lincoln. A life so full of incident, and a character so many-sided as his, can be understood only with the lapse of time. A sense of the exhaustless interest of that life and character, and the inadequacy of ordinarily-constructed biographies to portray his many-sidedness, suggested the preparation of a work upon the novel plan here represented. Begun several years ago, the undertaking proved of such unexpected magnitude that its completion has been delayed beyond the anticipated time. The extensive correspondence with persons at a distance was an almost interminable task, in addition to the exploration of available sources of information in the books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers of a quarter of a century, and in the scraps and papers of historical collections. The examination and sifting of this mass of material, its verification amidst often conflicting testimony, and its final moulding into shape, has involved time and labor that can be estimated only by those who have had similar experience.

Acknowledgements are heartily made to the many persons who have kindly furnished original contributions, and to others who have aided the work by valuable suggestions and information; also to earlier biographies of Lincoln—those of Raymond, Holland, Barrett, Lamon, Carpenter, and,

best and latest of all, that of Hon. I. N. Arnold. Much that was offered could not be used; as in the choice of material, from whatever source, the purpose has been to avoid mere opinions and eulogies of Lincoln, and to give abundantly those actual experiences, incidents, anecdotes, and reminiscences which reveal the phases of his unique and striking personality.

It scarcely need be pointed out that this work does not attempt to give a connected history of the Civil War, but only to sketch briefly those episodes with which Lincoln is personally identified, and of which some knowledge is essential to an understanding of his acts and character. Other characters are brought into prominence only as they are associated with the chief actor in that great drama. Many of them are disappearing—fading into the smoky and lurid background; but that colossal central figure, playing one of the grandest roles ever set upon the stage of human life, becomes more impressive as the scenes recede.

F. F. B.

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One of Lincoln's early friends, in whose house he boarded when he first came to Illinois.

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Wife of preceding; the widow whose son Lincoln, without fee, cleared of the charge of murder, in the celebrated "Bill Armstrong Trial."

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A pioneer settler in Macon Co., Ills., for whose husband Lincoln worked as a farmhand the summer after he came of age.

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The distinguished poet, author and journalist; he was an "original Lincoln man" in 1839-'60, and always enjoyed the President's warm esteem and confidence.

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Formerly State Treasurer of Illinois; Lincoln, when a young and struggling attorney, boarded at his house in Springfield, for several years.

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The veteran politician of Pennsylvania, who was Lincoln's first Secretary of War; he gives here the circumstances of his withdrawal from the Cabinet.

CARPENTER, FRANK B.

The artist who spent several months in the White House, while painting the celebrated picture, "Signing the Emancipation Proclamation."

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Chief Justice of Illinois; a companion of Lincoln "on the circuit;" a valued counselor of the "President-elect."

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U. S. Senator from Michigan during and after the War, and knew Lincoln intimately.

CHAPMAN, COLONEL

Of Coles county, Illinois, who married Lincoln's second cousin, and in whose family

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Lincoln's step-mother had her home for years.

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Who worked with Lincoln as a day-laborer in early life.

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A law-officer under President Lincoln.

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DICEY, EDWARD
Supplies White House memories of 1864.

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The most distinguished colored man in America; had many extremely interesting meetings with Lincoln.

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Of Chicago, U. S. District Judge; a warm personal and political friend of Lincoln.

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An old citizen of Springfield, Ills.; a carpenter, whose shop Lincoln, the young and almost briefless attorney, often visited.

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A store-keeper at New Salem, Ills.; one of Lincoln's early friends.

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The eminent essayist, poet, etc.

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Who, as Provost Marshal General, sustained intimate personal and official relations with the President during the War.

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Illinois Judge and politician; an "old-timer," who knew Lincoln well.

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Congressman from Massachusetts during the War.

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Union commander, President, etc.

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One of Lincoln's early friends, and a comrade in the Black Hawk war; it was he who traded Lincoln and Berry the clapboarded grocery shown on page 132 of this work.

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Lincoln's schoolmate, and intimate friend in youth and early manhood.

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Co-worker with Lincoln in the anti-slavery cause.—Reminiscences of the "President-elect."

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A Professor at Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary.—Reminiscences of Lincoln in New England, March, 1860, with analysis of his oratorical power, etc.

GURLEY, REV. DR.
Lincoln's pastor at Washington.

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An old member (and ex-Speaker) of Illinois Legislature, who knew Lincoln intimately, and warmly supported his candidacies for U. S. Senatorship.—Contributes an original photograph of Lincoln (page 396 of this work) never before engraved, in addition to very valuable personal reminiscences.

HALPINE, COL. CHAS. G.

Journalist, poet, and Union officer; during the War his pseudonym, "Miles O'Reilly," was a household word throughout the North.

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Lincoln's cousin and companion from boyhood; still living in Coles county, Ills.

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Brother of preceding; Lincoln's companion on the second flatboat trip to New Orleans, his helper in splitting the famous rails in 1830, etc.

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HATCH, HON. O. M.

Formerly Secretary of State of Illinois.—Reminiscences of Lincoln's army visits.

HAWLEY, ISAAC

A merchant of Springfield, Ills.; one of Lincoln's personal friends and clients.

HAY, JOHN

Poet and journalist; one of President Lincoln's private secretaries.

HENDERSON, REV. —

Of Louisville, Ky.—President Lincoln and sick drummer-boy.

HENRY, DR.

Of Springfield, Ills., in whose office Lincoln had his desk, while struggling into a law-practice.

HERNDON, WILLIAM H.

For twenty years Lincoln's law-partner, and knew his private life and character better than any other person.

HITT, HON. ROBERT R.

Lincoln's stenographer in the great debates with Douglas in 1858; now an Illinois Congressman.

HOLLAND, DR. J. G.

The author and poet; one of Lincoln's earliest biographers.

HOLLAND, MR. —

An Illinois pioneer, at whose saw-mill young Lincoln helped roll logs.

HOYT, RALPH E.

A clergyman of New York City, and well-known writer.

HUBBARD, GURDON S.

An old citizen and member of the Legislature of Illinois; he knew Lincoln well from the latter's first entrance into public life.

ILES, ELIJAH

Captain of a company of Mounted Rangers in which Lincoln served as private toward the close of the Black Hawk war.

INGERSOLL, HON. ROBERT G.

A widely-known lawyer and rhetorician.

JAYNE, WILLIAM

Politician; he resided in Springfield, Ills.

JOHNSON, MATILDA

Lincoln's step-sister.

JOHNSON, HON. WILLIAM

A Cincinnati lawyer and Judge.—Lincoln and the soldiers.

JONES, J. RUSSELL

An old and trusted friend of President Lincoln.—Lincoln-Grant reminiscences.

JUDD, MRS. N. B.

Widow of Lincoln's associate at the bar and intimate friend, and chairman of the Republican State Committee in the famous campaign of 1858.

JULIAN, HON. GEORGE W.

Indiana Congressman, and Free-soil candidate for Vice-president in 1852; one of the Congressional "Committee on the Conduct of the War."

KELLEY, HON. WILLIAM D.

Veteran politician, and Member of Congress from Philadelphia.

KERR, ORPHEUS C.

Popular writer during and after the War.

KEYES, GENERAL E. D.

Aid-de-camp to General Scott before and in the War; in this capacity he waited on Lincoln often.

KIDD, CAPT. T. W. S.

An early friend of Lincoln in Illinois; court crier in court where Lincoln practiced.

LAMON, HON. WARD H.

An Illinois lawyer; Lincoln's friend and biographer.

LANGEL, AUGUSTE

A French writer.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM

The illustrious subject of this biography prepared an outline sketch of his life in 1858, for a friend. It is here given in full, as are also numerous incidents and recollections taken down from Mr. Lincoln's own lips.

LINDER, GENERAL U. P.

An Illinois lawyer, and early friend of Lincoln.

LOGAN, GENERAL JOHN A.

Both before and after the War a Member of Congress, and later U. S. Senator.

LORING, DR. GEORGE B.

Formerly Member of Congress from Massachusetts; later, Commissioner of Agriculture.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

LOSSING, B. J.
Author and historian.—Washington reminiscences of Lincoln.

LOVEJOY, HON. OWEN
A noted Abolitionist, Member of Congress from Illinois during the War.

LUCAS, MAJOR J. M.
Of Illinois, who knew Lincoln at Springfield; later in the U. S. Consular service.—Reminiscences of the Lincoln-Shields imbroglio of 1842.

MANCHESTER (N. H.) "MIRROR."
Interesting editorial, describing Lincoln and his qualities as an orator, published ten weeks before his Presidential nomination.

MARKLAND, COL. A. H.
"Border State" reminiscences of the War.

MATHENY, HON. JAMES H.
An Illinois lawyer and associate of Lincoln.

MCCLELLAN, GENERAL GEORGE B.
Union commander.

MCCULLOUGH, HON. HUGH
Late Secretary of the Treasury.

MCCORMICK, R. C.
Of New York City.—Reminiscences connected with Lincoln's famous "Cooper Institute" speech in February, 1860; also, of War period.

McDONALD, HON. JOSEPH E.
Furnishes incident of Lincoln's legal career.

McHENRY, HENRY
One of Lincoln's early friends and old clients; a merchant of Menard Co., Ills.

MCNEELEY, WILLIAM
Of Menard Co., Ills.; an old friend of Lincoln.

MIX, CAPT. JOHN
At one time in command of President Lincoln's body-guard.—Soldier anecdote.

MURDOCK, JAMES E.
An actor distinguished for his ability, and his patriotic endeavors during the War.

MURTAGH, —
Editor of the Washington "Republican."—Touching anecdote of the President and elderly soldier's widow.

NEILL, REV. EDWARD D.
At one time private secretary to President Lincoln.

NICHOLS, JOHN W.
For nearly three years a member of President Lincoln's body-guard.

NICOLAY, JOHN G.
One of Lincoln's private secretaries.

NORTON, HON. JESSE O.
An Illinois Judge, before whom Lincoln practiced law.

NOYES, REV. DR. GEORGE C.
Of Chicago, who knew Lincoln well in the days of his anti-Nebraska and anti-slavery championship in Illinois.

OFFUTT, DENTON
Trader and store-keeper, in whose employ young Lincoln made a flatboat trip to New Orleans, clerked in a grocery, etc.

PARKS, HON. C. S.
A friend and legal associate of Lincoln, whom he supported in the Legislature for U. S. Senator.

PEARSON, HON. JOHN
An Illinois Judge, who knew Lincoln well.

PERRY, HON. AARON F.
Of Cincinnati, one of whose Congressional districts he represented.

PHILLIPS, WENDELL
The great anti-slavery agitator and orator.

PIATT, DONN
Well-known journalist, who knew Mr. Lincoln at Springfield and during Presidential terms.

POORE, BEN. PERLEY
The veteran newspaper correspondent at Washington.

PORTER, ADMIRAL DAVID D.
The distinguished naval commander, who had many interesting meetings with President Lincoln on shipboard.

PORTER, GEN. HORACE
A prominent member of Grant's staff.

PRIME, REV. DR. S. IRENÆUS
Editor of N. Y. "Observer."—New York and Washington reminiscences of Lincoln.

RATHBONE, MAJOR
Reminiscences of the assassination, he being with the President at the time.

RAYMOND, HON. HENRY J.
Journalist and politician; Member of Congress from New York City, and one of Lincoln's biographers.

RICE, HON. A. H.
Congressman from Massachusetts during the War.

RIDDLE, HON. A. G.
Member of Congress from Ohio during the War, specially intimate with President Lincoln.

ROSS, A. M.
A distinguished ornithologist, who resided in Canada during the War, and had charge of the U. S. Secret Service there.—White House and Secret Service reminiscences.

ROUSSEAU, GEN. LOVELL H.
Of Kentucky; prominent border-state Unionist and gallant officer.

RUTLEDGE, R. B.
One of Lincoln's early friends; brother of Lincoln's affianced, whose untimely death cast a gloom over his whole after-life.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

SCHURZ, HON. CARL

U. S. Senator before and also after the War, Union General, etc.

SELBY, PAUL

Veteran Illinois journalist, Lincoln's neighbor and friend at Springfield.

SEWARD, HON. WILLIAM H.

Statesman and Republican leader; Lincoln's Secretary of State.

SHERMAN, GEN. WILLIAM T.

Union commander.

SHIRLEY, REV. JAMES

Hospital chaplain during the War.

SHUMAN, HON. ANDREW

Of Chicago; ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois; veteran journalist, who accompanied Lincoln throughout the famous campaign (joint debates) of 1858.

SIBLEY, JUDGE

Of Quincy, Ills.; one of Lincoln's legal associates.

SMITH, PROF. GOLDWIN

English scholar and publicist, noted for his staunch friendship of this country, which he visited during the War.—White House reminiscences.

SMITH, HON. WILLIAM HENRY

Journalist and historian; Secretary of State of Ohio during the War.—Valuable reminiscences of Lincoln as President-elect.

STEPPIENS, HON. ALEXANDER H.

Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy; he knew Lincoln well when both were Whig members of the 30th Congress.

STEVENS, HON. THADDEUS

Of Lancaster, Pa.; Republican leader in the lower House of Congress during and after the War.

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY

Poet, critic and author, of New York City.

STONE, GEN. CHARLES P.

Union officer; he was particularly active, under Gen. Scott, in securing Lincoln's safety prior to and after the inauguration.

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—White House reminiscences, etc.

STUART, MAJOR JOHN T.

Lincoln's comrade in the Black Hawk war, and later his first law partner.

SUMNER, HON. CHARLES

Anti-slavery statesman and orator.

SWETT, HON. LEONARD

An able lawyer of Illinois, and life-long friend of Lincoln.

SWISSELM, MRS. JANE G.

Author and journalist.

TREAT, JUDGE E. M.

U. S. District Judge in Illinois; Lincoln's law-practice was largely before him, and their social relations also were close.

VAN SANTVOORD, REV. C.

Hospital chaplain during the War.—White House reminiscences of great interest.

VIELE, GENERAL

Union officer.—Recollections of Lincoln's visit to Fortress Monroe, etc.

VOLK, LEONARD W.

The artist who made the famous "life mask of Lincoln."

WASHBURN, HON. E. B.

A distinguished Member of Congress from Illinois during and after the War. Lincoln's intimate friend; later, U. S. Minister to France, etc.

WEED, THURLOW

Veteran journalist and political mentor.—Reminiscences of Lincoln's Cabinet-making and White House life.

WELDON, HON. LAWRENCE

One of Lincoln's old Illinois friends, a lawyer.

WELLES, HON. GIDEON

Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy.

WHEELER, HON. WM. A.

New York Congressman during the War, specially intimate with the President; later, Vice-president under Hayes.

WILCOX, MAJOR

Whig politician of Illinois.—Reminiscences of Lincoln's earnest but unsuccessful candidacy for a Federal appointment under President Taylor, in 1849.

WILKINSON, HON. W. S.

Ex-Senator from Minnesota.—White House reminiscences.

WILSON, HON. HENRY

Senator from Massachusetts during the War, anti-slavery statesman, etc.

WILSON, ROBERT L.

Lincoln's colleague from Sangamon county in the Illinois Legislature.

WINCHELL, J. M.

Journalist, etc.—White House reminiscences.

WINTHROP, HON. ROBERT C.

Of Massachusetts; publicist and orator; a Whig Member, like Lincoln, of the 30th Congress

WHITMAN, WALT

Author and poet.—Vivid description of Lincoln's assassination, he being present.

YOUNG, JOHN RUSSELL

Journalist, author and diplomatist.



Yours friv. or ever
Abraham Lincoln

1863.



George Washington
1796.

PART I.

LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO GREAT FIGURES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.—LINCOLN'S LOWLY ORIGIN.—HIS ANCESTORS.—LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—THE LINCOLN FAMILY IN KENTUCKY.—A PICTURE OF THE WILDERNESS.—THE LINCOLNS AS PIONEERS.—KILLING OF LINCOLN'S GRANDFATHER.—MORDECAI LINCOLN.—AN ODD CHARACTER.—THE BIRTH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—HIS PARENTS.

IN speaking of the great men who have been native to the soil of the New World, who have been the natural outgrowth of our American civilization, and have grandly met all the requirements of their situation and of a critical epoch, the first name which springs to our lips is that of GEORGE WASHINGTON, and the second is that of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The list is not long of our veritable heroes, but at its head stands, without question, the Father of Our Country, who led the forlorn hope of the American colonies throughout the desperate struggle of the Revolution; and next to him comes our martyred President, who held the helm of State during the more awful warfare of the Great Rebellion, who saved our glorious Republic from the ruin of a dissevered Union, and restored to a race of bondmen their God-given right of freedom.

Laying down his sword and the trappings of a soldier after the battle of Yorktown, Washington conducted the affairs of the nation during the grave trials of its infancy, guiding it to a point of comparative peace and safety, and then, rejecting the proposal of a “third term,” retired to the seclusion of a private citizen. Lincoln bore the brunt of responsibility for

the success of the Federal army and the integrity of the United States for four terrible years ; and, re-appointed to his arduous post by the voice of the people, was shot down by an assassin's bullet at the moment when the light of peace was breaking on the horizon, and a promise of rest and reward comforted the sore heart of him who had so faithfully sustained the people's trust.

Both men were patriots, sages, statesmen, and heroes. Both in their separate ways went through the hard school of adversity. Both were tried by the severest tests, and both came out victorious. The noblest virtues of humanity formed the basis of their characters : honesty, fidelity, courage, determination, fortitude, and sublime capacity for self-sacrifice. And both had, in a remarkable degree, judgment, foresight, purity of purpose, lofty ambition, love of country, and consideration for the feelings and the rights of their fellow-men.

The dignity of Washington was balanced by the tenderness of Lincoln ; the polished manners and courtly bearing of the high-born Virginian, by the stainless life, in private and public, of the homely and lowly pioneer of the West. From his childhood, Lincoln revered the memory of Washington, keeping his image ever before him as a pattern to be imitated in his own life and conduct. As history advances, the generations will look back on the figure of Abraham Lincoln towering in the distance above the level of ordinary men as the statue of Liberty at the gateway of the American continent towers above the waves beating at its feet.

LINCOLN'S LOWLY ORIGIN.

The early life of Lincoln was doomed to unvarying hardship. He was born and nurtured in penury, and the coarse food and scanty clothing which barely served the necessities of existence were earned, after the age of infancy was past, by the labor of his own brave and willing hands. The story of his privations is full of pathos ; yet when we consider the lofty

career they led up to, we realize that the success of the man was gained through the discipline imposed on the youth—that the sterling and indomitable traits which made Lincoln a leader among all classes of people, owed much of their strength and steadfastness to the vicissitudes he had patiently endured. His spirit was tried as by fire; and, perfectly tempered and true, like the famous Damascus steel, it never failed to do the deed expected of it at the vital moment.

Abraham Lincoln was never ashamed of his lowly birth. He was a man of the people, a true citizen of the Republic; and he put a just estimate on the relative value of the advantages of wealth and position, and the achievements of enterprise and integrity. Not only the word but the teaching of his favorite poet (Burns) had sunk into his heart, and with quiet self-assurance he lived up to the text:

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

The barefooted boy in the Western wilderness, wielding the axe or following the plough, the gaunt lad in homespun jean, steering the flat-boat on the Mississippi, and the inmate of the White House, the chief magistrate of a great nation, was the offspring of democratic institutions, and an illustration of the chance which the poor man has in America to rise to the summit of his ambition, and of the power of resolute will to lift the owner of respectable talents from the lowest grade to the highest station.

ANCESTORS OF LINCOLN.

The blood reddening the veins of Abraham Lincoln was good and pure, although it descended from obscure sources. His ancestors have been traced back with tolerable certainty through five generations, to Norfolk County, England. From this locality, Mordecai Lincoln emigrated to Hingham, Massachusetts, not long after the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth, or about the year 1638. Later on, Mordecai left Hingham for Berks County, Pennsylvania; and a hint of the

cause of this removal may be found in the statement that he belonged to the persecuted sect of Quakers. John Lincoln, a son of Mordecai, settled in Rockingham County, Virginia.

In an allusion to the incidents of his boyhood and youth, Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a friend, "My early history is perfectly characterized by a single line of Gray's Elegy:

"The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

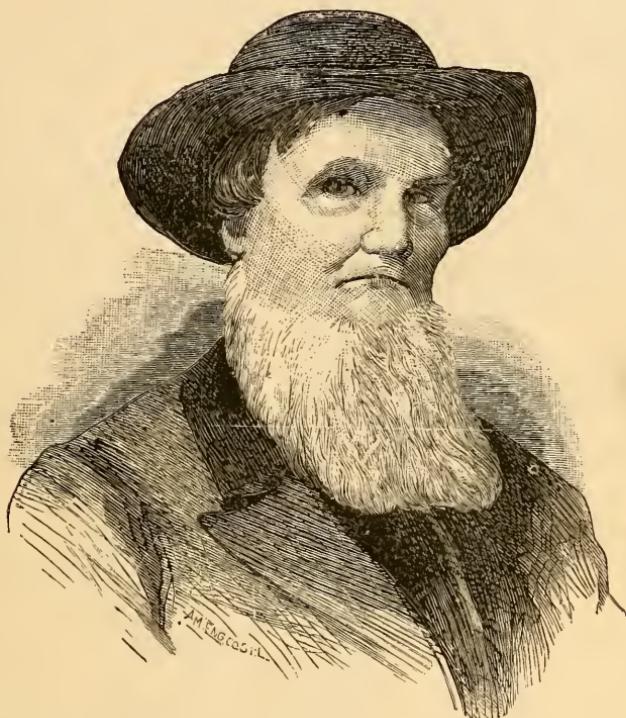
At another time he drew up a statement of the leading events in his career, at the request of Hon. J. W. Fell, of Bloomington, Illinois.

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"I was born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguishable families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon Counties, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or '2, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name, ended in nothing more than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin,' writin' and cipherin' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

on the other side of the bed. Abe Lincoln had a very high opinion of his uncle, and on one occasion remarked, 'I have often said that Uncle Mord had run off with all the talents of the family.' 'Old Mord,' as we sometimes called him, had been in his younger days a very stout man, and was quite fond of playing a game of fisticuffs with any one who was noted as a champion. He told a parcel of us once of a pitched battle



MORDECAI LINCOLN ("UNCLE MORD.")

he had fought with one of the champions of that day. He said they fought on the side of a hill or ridge; that at the bottom there was a rut or canal, which had been cut out by the freshets. He said they soon clinched, and he threw his man and fell on top of him. He said he always thought he had the best eyes in the world for measuring the distance to the bottom of the hill, and concluded that by rolling over and over till

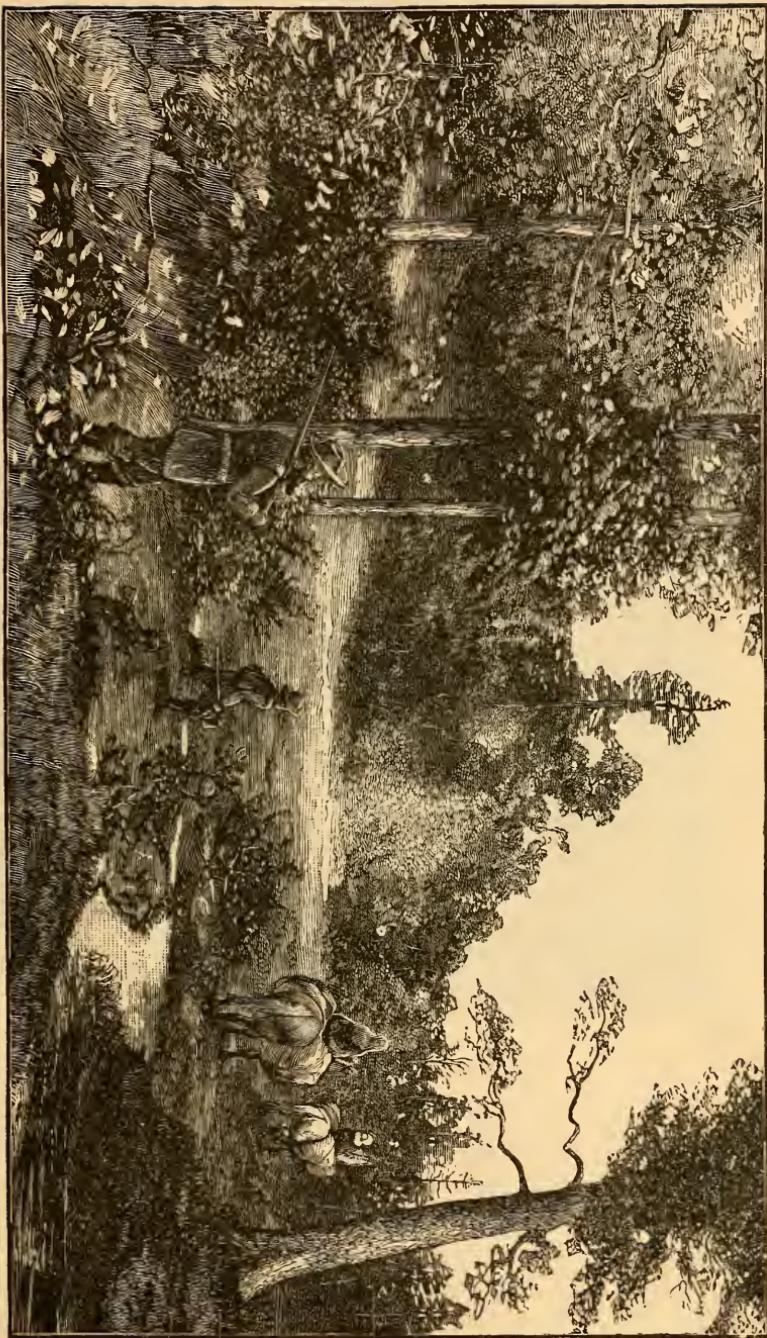
CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL OF THE LINCOLNS FROM KENTUCKY TO INDIANA.—EARLY DAYS IN INDIANA.—THE FIRST LOG CABIN.—UNCLE DENNIS HANKS.—UNCLE DENNIS' RECOLLECTIONS.—LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD DAYS.—LEARNING TO "READ, WRITE, AND CIPHER."—TURKEY-BUZZARD PENS AND BRIAR-ROOT INK.—WEBSTER'S SPELLER, THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS," AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY.—ABE A "RASTLER" AT FIFTEEN.—EARLY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES.—CORN DODGERS, BACON, AND BLUE JEANS.—A VISIT TO LINCOLN'S INDIANA HOME.—REMINISCENCES BY ONE OF LINCOLN'S PLAYMATES.

A SPIRIT of restlessness, a love of adventure, a longing for new scenes, and possibly the hope of improving his condition, led Thomas Lincoln in the fall of 1816 to abandon the Rock Spring farm and begin life afresh in the wilds of southern Indiana. The wish to free himself from the despotic institutions of a slave State, which paralyzed the efforts and crushed the spirits of the poor white man, may have had its influence in determining this movement. At any rate, the farm was disposed of, their few personal possessions were packed upon a couple of horses, and the little household set out on the long and painful journey to their new home beyond the Ohio river.

Their march, leading through an unbroken country, was beset with difficulties from the beginning. Often the travellers were obliged to cut their road as they went. With the resolution of veteran pioneers they toiled on, sometimes being able to pick their way for a long distance without chopping, and then coming to a standstill in consequence of dense forests. Several days were occupied in going eighteen miles. It was a difficult, wearisome, trying journey, and Mr. Lincoln often said that he never passed through a harder experience than he did in going from Thompson's Ferry to Spencer County, Indiana. Mr. Barrett states that "after reaching the Indiana side of the Ohio river, the adventurers landed at or near the mouth of Anderson's Creek, now the boundary between the

THE MARCH THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.—REMOVAL OF THE LINCOLN FAMILY FROM KENTUCKY TO INDIANA, IN 1816.



vations and hardships incident to clearing, breaking up and subduing the soil and establishing a home, so far away from all the necessities of life, taxed the strength and endurance of all to the utmost. Bears, deer, and other sorts of wild game, were abundant, and contributed largely to the support of the family."

From an official record, it appears that on the 18th of October, 1817, Thomas Lincoln entered a quarter-section of gov-



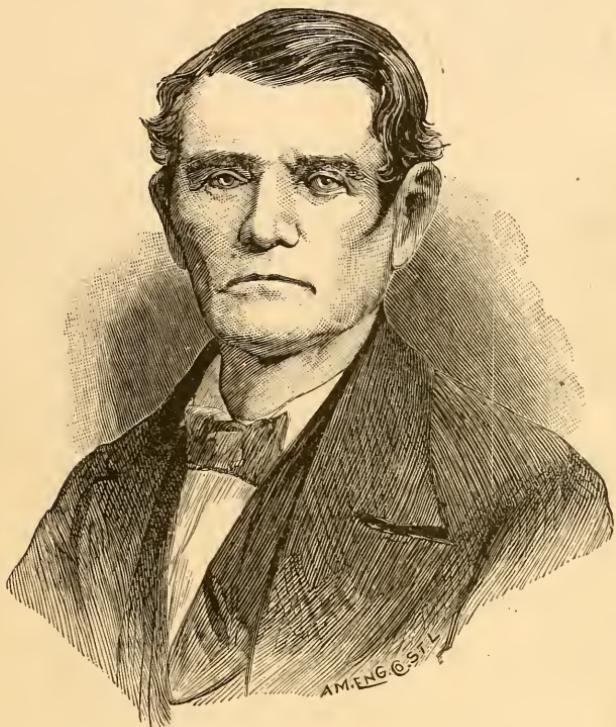
LINCOLN'S HOME IN BOYHOOD.

ernment land. This probably includes the place where he originally settled, which was eighteen miles north of the Ohio river and within a mile and a half of the present village of Gentryville.

UNCLE DENNIS HANKS.

Now that the Lincolns were settled securely in the wilderness of Indiana, they were followed by the family of Thomas

and Betsey Sparrow, relatives of Mrs. Lincoln, and old-time neighbors on the "Rock Spring Farm" in Kentucky. Dennis Hanks, one of the members of the Sparrow household, and a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, is still living (1886), hale and hearty in spite of his advanced age, at Paris, Illinois. He has lately furnished some entertaining recollections of the boy-life of the President, which are richly worth recording. "Un-



DENNIS HANKS IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

cle Dennis," as the old man is familiarly called, is himself a striking character, exciting attention at once by his original manners and racy conversation. An impressive portrait of him, as he appears in his later days, is thus given: "Uncle Dennis is a typical Kentuckian, born in Hardin County, in 1799. His face is sun-bronzed and ploughed with furrows of

time ; he has a resolute mouth, with firm grip of the jaws, and a broad forehead above a pair of piercing eyes. The eyes seem out of place in the weary, faded face ; they glow and flash like two diamond sparks, set in ridges of dull gold. The face is a serious one ; but the play of light in the eyes, unquenchable by time, betrays the nature full of sunshine and elate with life. A side glance at the profile shows a face strikingly Lincoln-like—prominent cheek bones, temple, nose and chin ; but best of all is that twinkling drollery in the eye that flashed in the White House during the dark days of the Civil War.”

UNCLE DENNIS’ RECOLLECTIONS.

Uncle Dennis’ recollections go back to the birth of Abraham Lincoln, who was “about twenty-four hours old, hardly that,” when his cousin first saw him. To repeat the words of the old man: “I rikkilect I run all the way, over two miles, to see Nancy Hanks’ boy baby. Her name was Nancy Hanks before she married Thomas Lincoln. ’Twas common for connections to gather in them days to see new babies. I held the wee one a minute. I was ten years old, and it tickled me to hold the pulpy, red, little Lincoln.”

LINCOLN’S BOYHOOD DAYS.

The Hanks family moved to Indiana, according to Uncle Dennis’ recollection, “when Abe was about nine. Mr. Lincoln moved first, and built a camp of brush in Spencer County. We came out a year later, and he then had a cabin up, and he gave us the shanty. Abe killed a turkey the day we got there, and couldn’t get through tellin’ about it. The name was pronounced Linkhorn by the folks then. We was all uneducated. After a spell we learned better.” The cabins occupied by the two families were about fifteen rods apart, and their children grew up together on the intimate terms of kinship. “I was the only boy in the place, all them years, and we were always together.”

LEARNING TO "READ, WRITE, AND CIPHER."

Uncle Dennis claims to have taught his young cousin to read, write, and cipher. "He knew his letters pretty wellish; but no more. His mother taught him his letters. If ever there was a good woman on earth, she was one, a true christian of the Baptist church; but she died soon after we arrived, and left him without a teacher; his father couldn't read a word." The boy had "only about one quarter of schooling, scarcely that. I then set in to help him; I didn't know much, but I did the best I could."

TURKEY-BUZZARD PENS AND BRIAR-ROOT INK.

As to the materials with which the boy learned to write, Uncle Dennis says: "Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal, or the p'int of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the country town, and I made ink out of blackberry briar-root and a little copperas in it. It was black, but the copperas would eat the paper after awhile. I made his first pen out of a turkey-buzzard feather. We had no geese them days. After he learned to write he was scrawlin' his name everywhere; sometimes he would write it on the white sand down by the crick bank, and leave it till the waves would blot it out."

It seems from his cousin's statement that young Lincoln did not take to books eagerly in the beginning. "We had to hire him at first. But when he got a taste on't it was the old story—we had to pull the sow's ears to get her to the trough, and pull her tail to get her away. He read a great deal and had a wonderful memory—wonderful. Never forgot anything."

WEBSTER'S SPELLER, THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS," AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY.

His first reading book was Webster's speller. "When I got him through that, I only had a copy of Indiana statutes. Then he got hold of a book; I can't rikkilect the name. It

told a yarn about a feller, a nigger or suthin', that sailed a flatboat up to a rock, and the rock was magnetized and drawed the nails out of his boat, an' he got a duckin' or drowned, or suthin, I forget now." (It was the "Arabian Nights"). "Abe would lay on the floor with a chair under his head, and laugh over them stories by the hour. I told him they was likely lies from end to end; but he learned to read right well in them. I borrowed for him the 'Life of Washington' and the 'Speeches of Henry Clay.' They had a powerful influence on him. He told me afterwards, in the White House, he wanted to live like Washington. His speeches show that; but the other book did the most amazing work. He was a Democrat, like his father and all of us, when he began to read it. When he closed it he was a Whig, heart and soul, and he went on step by step until he became leader of the Republicans."

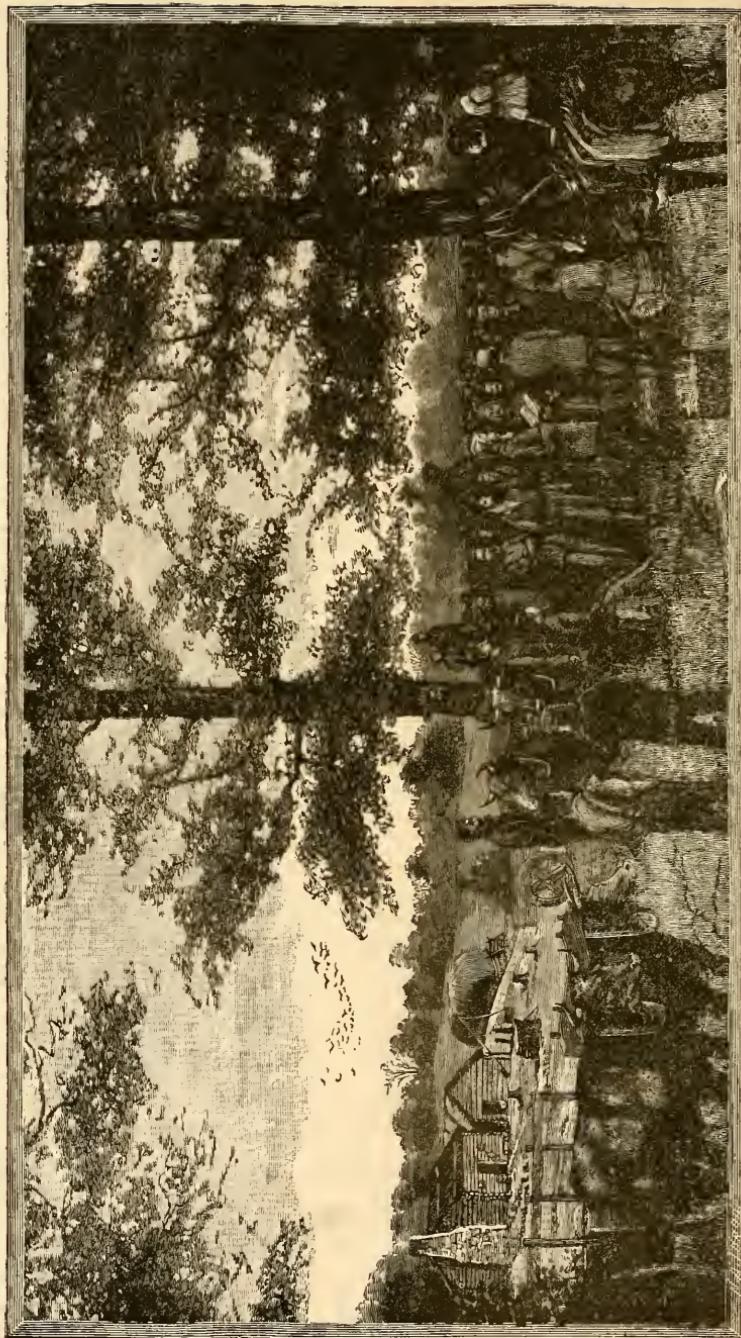
ABE A "RASSLER" AT FIFTEEN.

Abe was at this time, says Uncle Dennis, "not grown, only six feet two inches high. He was six feet four and one-half inches when grown—tall, lathy, and gangling,—not much appearance, not handsome, not ugly, but peculiar. He was this kind of a fellow: If a man rode up on horseback, Abe would be the first one out, up on the fence and asking questions, till his father would give him a knock side o' the head; then he'd go throw at snowbirds or suthin', but ponderin' all the while. I was ten years older, but I couldn't rassle him down. His legs was too long for me to throw him. He would fling one foot upon my shoulder and make me swing corners swift, and his arms was long and strong. My, how he would chop! His axe would flash and bite into a sugar-tree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin' you would say there were three men at work by the way the trees fell. But he never was sassy or quarrelsome. I've seen him walk into a crowd of sawin' row-

CHAPTER III.

DEATH OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER.—A SOLEMN AND TOUCHING SCENE.—LINCOLN'S STEP-MOTHER.—EARLY SCHOOLMASTERS, BIRNEY, HAZEL, DORSEY, AND CRAWFORD.—THE BOOKS LINCOLN READ.—PERSONAL TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF HIS EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—“ALWAYS READING.”—ABE'S DISLIKE OF THE CRAWFORDS.—THE LONGEST AND STRONGEST MAN IN THE SETTLEMENT.—DEATH OF LINCOLN'S ONLY SISTER.—EARLY FONDNESS FOR ORATORY.—LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.—PRESENTIMENTS OF FUTURE GREATNESS.—LINCOLN AT SEVENTEEN.—LEARNS SURVEYING.—DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.—A FIGHT WITH RIVER PIRATES.—“ABE, WHAT A FOOL YOU ARE!”—LINCOLN'S WARM HEART.

THE touching story of Lincoln's love for his gentle mother, and of her untimely death, is thus told: “Lincoln always manifested the strongest affection for his mother, and ever strove to relieve her, as much as was in his power, of the cares and burdens of their hard life. Although her lot was cast in that humble sphere, it is evident that she was a superior woman, possessing all the traits of a true and noble mother, and that she left an impression for good upon her young son which he never threw off. But the fatal disease of consumption had fastened upon her, and her life was slowly wasting away. Day by day young Abraham sat by her bedside, and read to her for hours such portions of the Bible as she desired to hear. During the intervals in reading she talked to him of goodness and truth, and urged him to walk in the ways thereof. She portrayed to him the beauties of the Christian faith, the hope of the Christian life, and the joys of the Heavenly Kingdom to which she was going. The end was at hand; the faithful watchers at the bedside of the dying woman felt the shadow creeping upon the walls; it was the shadow of death; the light of the lowly cabin went slowly out—the mother had rest. Abraham gave way to grief that could not be consoled. They laid her tenderly away in an opening in the timber, an eighth of a mile away from the house. No minister could be procured at the time to perform



A MEMORABLE SCENE.—FUNERAL OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

filled by a woman who nobly performed the duties of her trying position. Mr. Lincoln had known Mrs. Sarah Johnson when both were young and living in Elizabethtown, Kentucky. They had married in the same year; and now, being alike bereaved, he persuaded her to unite their broken households into one.

By this union, a son and two daughters, John, Sarah, and Matilda, were added to the Lincoln family, and all dwelt to-



SARAH LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT'S STEP-MOTHER.

gether in perfect harmony, the mother showing no difference in the treatment of her own children and the two now committed to her charge. She exhibited a special fondness for the little Abraham, whose precocious talents and enduring qualities she was quick to apprehend. Though he never forgot the "angel mother" sleeping under the branching sycamore on the forest-covered hill-top, the boy rewarded with a pro-

Abraham's poverty of books was the wealth of his life. These few books did much to perfect that which his mother's teachings had begun, and to form a character which, for quaint simplicity, earnestness, truthfulness and purity, has never been surpassed among the historic personages of the world. The Life of Washington, while it gave to him a lofty example of patriotism, incidentally conveyed to his mind a general knowledge of American history; and the Life of Henry Clay spoke to him of a living man who had risen to political and professional eminence from circumstances almost as humble as his own." The latter book undoubtedly did much to excite his taste for politics, to kindle his ambition, and to make him a warm admirer and partisan of Henry Clay, of whom, long afterwards, Mr. Lincoln said: "His example teaches us that one can scarcely be so poor but that, if he will, he can acquire sufficient education to get through the world respectably."

PERSONAL TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF HIS EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A singular and beautiful testimonial to the influence of this early reading upon his childish mind was given by Mr. Lincoln himself, many years afterwards. While on his way to Washington to assume the duties of the Presidency, he passed through Trenton, New Jersey, and in a speech made in the Senate Chamber at that place, he said: "May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, in the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have seen, Weems' 'Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country; and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves in my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early

impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing which they struggled for, that something even more than National Independence, that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come, I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people, shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made."

"ALWAYS READING."

One of the companions of Lincoln's boyhood adds to the preceding statements that "he was always reading, writing, ciphering, writing poetry." "He would go to the store of an afternoon and evening, and his jokes and stories were so odd, so witty, so humorous, that all the people of the town would gather around him." "He would sometimes keep a crowd about him until midnight." "He was a great reader and a good talker."

ABE'S DISLIKE OF THE CRAWFORDS.

It has been related in a previous connection, that Abraham gave three days' work as an equivalent for the book which had been injured while in his possession. It appears that he held something of a grudge against the owner for what he regarded as his unjust extortion. The incident is narrated by Mr. Lamon, with other anecdotes: "For a long time there was only one person in the neighborhood for whom Abe felt a decided dislike; and that was Josiah Crawford, who had made him 'pull fodder,' to pay for the Weems' 'Washington.' On that score he was 'hurt' and 'mad,' and often declared he would 'have revenge.' But being a poor boy, a circumstance of which Crawford had already taken shameful advantage to extort three days' labor,—he was glad to get work at any place, and frequently hired out to his old adversary. Abe's first business in his employ was daubing his cabin, which was

One day my brother, John Johnson, caught a land terrapin, brought it to the place where Abe was preaching, threw it against the tree, and crushed the shell. It suffered much, quivered all over. Abe then preached against cruelty to animals, contending that an ant's life was as sweet to it as ours to us." "But this practice of preaching and political speaking," says Mr. Lamon, "into which Abe had fallen, at length became a great nuisance. It distracted everybody, and sadly interfered with the work. If Abe had confined his discourses to Sunday preaching, while the old folks were away, it would not have been so objectionable. But he knew his power, and would be sure to set up as an orator wherever he found the greatest number of people together. When it was announced that Abe had taken the 'stump' in the harvest field, there was an end of work. The hands flocked around him, and listened to his curious speeches with infinite delight. 'The sight of such a thing amused us all,' says Abe's step-mother; though she admits that her husband was compelled to break it up with a strong hand; and poor Abe was many times dragged from the platform and hustled off to his work in no gentle manner."

LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.

A story which belongs to this period was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward and a few friends one evening in the Executive Mansion at Washington. The President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," rejoined Mr. Seward. "Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs.' We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and the bundle, down to the Southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if



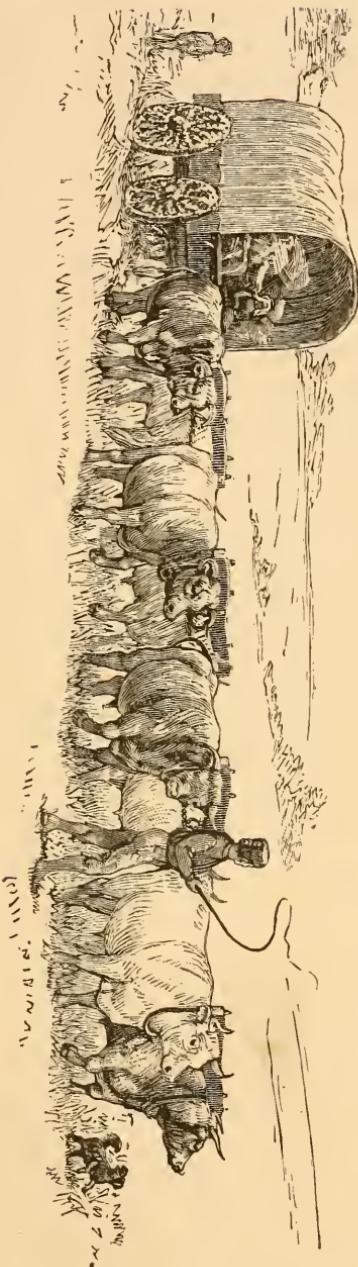
THE TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS.—YOUNG LINCOLN AS A "BOW-HAND."

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER MOVE.—INDIANA TO ILLINOIS.—THE ENTRY INTO ILLINOIS DESCRIBED BY AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN'S FATHER.—NOVEL METHODS OF BOOK-KEEPING.—ABE AS A RAIL-SPLITTER.—MAKING A "CRAP" OF CORN.—LINCOLN AS A LOG-ROLLER.—SECOND VOYAGE TO NEW ORLEANS.—LINCOLN AS AN INVENTOR.—PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN AS A YOUNG MAN.—REMOVAL TO NEW SALEM.—LINCOLN AS A STORE-KEEPER.—THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.—HIS FIRST OFFICIAL ACT.—LINCOLN AS A WRESTLER.—THE "CLARY GROVE BOYS."—LINCOLN AND SMOOT.—THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF GOOSE-NEST PRAIRIE.—THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN LINCOLN AND RICHARD YATES.—LINCOLN UPSETS HIS BREAD AND MILK.—EARLY FONDNESS FOR STORIES.—"HONEST ABE."

A change in the scene of Abraham Lincoln's life occurred in 1830, when his father again set out on the emigrant's trail, which this time conducted them to a point ten miles west of Decatur, in Macon county, Illinois. The family had become dissatisfied with their situation in southern Indiana, and hearing favorable reports of the prairie lands in the new State on their western border, were encouraged to hope for better fortunes there. Mr. Lincoln parted with his farm, and preparations were made for the journey. Abraham visited all the neighbors and bade them an affectionate good-bye. When the morning of the day which had been selected for their departure arrived, he was found sitting and weeping upon his mother's grave, whither he had gone at an early hour in the morning. He said he could not bear the thought of leaving his mother behind.

The few household goods and utensils were loaded upon the farm wagon, the oxen yoked, and the family, getting aboard, young Lincoln took his place beside the oxen and drove away. An aged man who lived in Indiana at the time, and was a neighbor of the Lincoln family says that he remembers the scene when Abe started that morning, barefooted, with his pants coming down only half way between



THE REMOVAL, TO ILLINOIS.—ABE AS AN OX-DRIVER.—THE SCENE AS COMMONLY DESCRIBED.

hewn logs. It was about sixteen feet square, with a fireplace and clay chimney at one end of it. The cooking, eating, sleeping, and entertaining were all done in the one room.

“During this period, Thomas Lincoln was occasionally visited by his son ‘Abe.’ On these occasions my father would usually go and sit of evenings and converse with the young man, whose talents he admired; and even then, as I well remember, he predicted that Abraham Lincoln would become a great political leader, of national reputation.

“The first time the writer ever saw Abraham Lincoln was in the fall of 1834; he was passing my father’s house, going to visit his humble father, who at that time lived in the last-mentioned cabin.

“ ‘Twas just a hut, with puncheon floor,
And chimney rude and creaking door,
Which stood beneath the forest shade;
For ‘round it, in their primal mood,
The kingly oaks in grandeur stood
Untouched by woodman’s ruthless blade.
But hither came on weary feet
A son to whom that home was sweet,
Although so lowly and obscure;
For filial love, angelic guest,
Had made her home within his breast,
And woo’d him to a place so poor.

“As he was walking, and as this was long before the day of stage-coaches, we concluded he had walked the whole way from Springfield—a distance of one hundred miles. In fact, there is no doubt of it.

“Thomas Lincoln remained only about two years at the last-named place, and then moved on to land given him by his son. This place is on the south line of Coles county, and about fourteen miles southeast from Mattoon. It is now (1886) owned and occupied by a grandson of Thomas Lincoln’s second wife. Here, the house he built, with its rude fireplace, and the trees that he planted, are still to be seen.

“It is generally supposed that Thomas Lincoln was a farmer; and such he was, if one who tilled so little land by

such primitive modes could be so called. He never planted more than a few acres ; and instead of gathering and hauling his crops in a wagon, he usually carried them in a basket or large tray. Sometimes he stowed a large portion of them under his bed. He was uneducated, illiterate, and contented with a ‘from hand to mouth’ living.

“At his death, which occurred on the 15th day of January, 1851, he was buried in a neighboring county graveyard, about one mile north of Janesville, Coles county. There was nothing to mark the place of his resting, except the mound and a small boulder, until February, 1861, when Abraham Lincoln paid a last visit to his grave just before leaving Springfield for Washington. At that time he cut the initial letters “T. L.” on a bit of oak board, and placed it at the head of the grave. This board was afterwards—as was supposed—carried away by some relic-hunter ; and the place remained with nothing to mark it, except the memory of the old settlers who laid him away, until the spring of 1876, when the writer, fearing the grave would become entirely unknown, succeeded in awakening an interest on the subject, and soon thereafter a plain marble shaft, twelve feet in height, was erected over the grave. It has on its western face a plain inscription in words and form as follows :

THOMAS LINCOLN,
Father of
THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.
Born
Jan. 6th, 1778.
Died
Jan. 15th, 1851.
LINCOLN.

“And now I have given about all that can ever be known of Thomas Lincoln. I have written impartially, and with a strict regard to facts which can be substantiated by many old

settlers who are still living in this county. Thomas Lincoln was an honest and a harmless man; beyond this, the biographer will search his character in vain to find any ancestral clue to the greatness of Abraham Lincoln."

NOVEL METHODS OF BOOK-KEEPING.

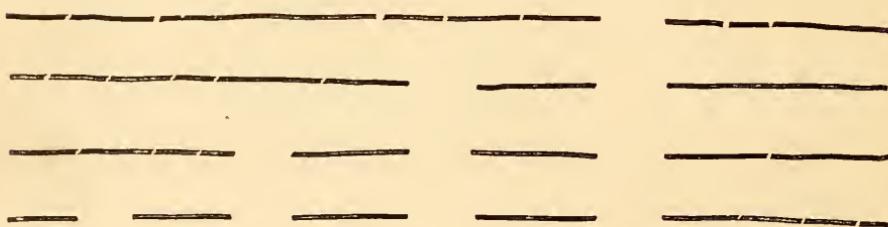
William G. Greene furnishes the following: "In 1836 I was going to Kentucky, and at the request of Abe Lincoln I carried a letter to his father, who lived in Coles county, Illinois, at the head of the 'Ambraw' river. When I got to the place, the old man's house looked so small and humble that I felt embarrassed, until he received me with much heartiness, telling me what a handy house he had, and how conveniently it was arranged. It was a log house, and some of the logs

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THOMAS LINCOLN'S LEDGER.

stuck out two or three feet from the wall at the corners. He said that he could dress his deer as he killed them, and hang them on the projecting logs, and could tie his horse to them. The old man inquired how his son was getting along. He said Abe was a good boy, but he was afraid he would never amount to much; he had taken a notion to study law, and these men were generally 'eddicated' to do wrong. 'Here now,' he said, 'I cannot read or write a bit; but I can beat any book-keeper I ever saw at making my accounts so easy and simple that anybody can understand them, just by taking

my forefinger and rubbing out that black mark.' In the little cabin where he was living, the joists were about seven feet from the floor, and were, of course, unfinished. The old man had taken a fire-coal and drawn four black marks on the face of a joist, something like the four bars of music. He then explained that he had been 'tending mill' for a man down the river; and when he sold a customer a peck of meal he simply reached up and drew his fingers through the lower line; for two pecks, he rubbed a hole through two of the lines; for three pecks, three lines; and for a bushel, four lines were erased. He put a mark to indicate the customer right over his dues. 'The simplest thing in the world,' said he; and added, 'if Abe don't fool away all his time on his books, he may make something yet.'"

ABE AS A RAIL-SPLITTER.

After reaching the new home in Illinois, young Lincoln worked with his father until things were put in train for comfortable living. He helped build the log cabin, break up the new land, and fence it in, splitting the rails for this purpose with his own skillful hands. It was these very rails, it may be remarked in passing, over which so much sentiment was expended years afterward at an important epoch in Lincoln's political career. "During the sitting of the Republican State Convention at Decatur, a banner, attached to two of these rails, and bearing an appropriate inscription, was brought into the assemblage, and formally presented to that body, amid a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm. After that they were in demand in every State of the Union in which free labor is honored, where they were borne in processions of the people, and hailed by hundreds of thousands of freeman as a symbol of triumph and a glorious vindication of freedom and of the rights and dignity of free labor. These, however, were far from being the first or only rails made by Lincoln. He was a practiced hand at the business." As a memento of this special pioneer accomplishment, Mr. Lincoln preserved in

REMOVAL TO NEW SALEM.—LINCOLN AS A STOREKEEPER.

At the conclusion of his trip to New Orleans, Mr. Offutt, Lincoln's employer, entered into mercantile trade in a small way at New Salem, a settlement on the Sangamon river, in Menard county, two miles from Petersburg, the county seat. He opened a store of the class commonly supported in a little wayside town, and also ran a flouring mill. He had found out in his late expedition down the Mississippi the valuable qualities



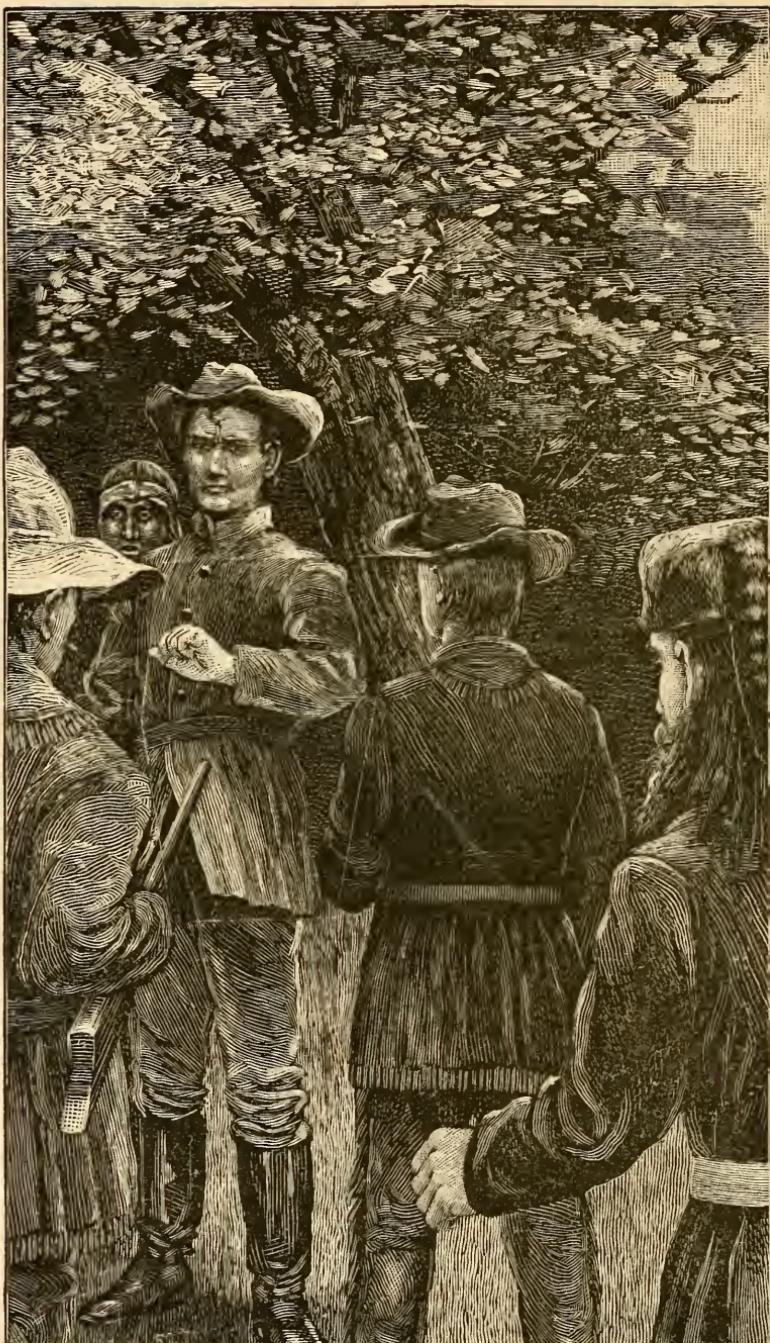
THE COUNTRY STORE.

of young Lincoln, and was anxious to secure his help in his new enterprise. "For want of other immediate employment," says Mr. Barrett, "and in the same spirit which had heretofore actuated him, Abraham Lincoln now entered upon the duties of a clerk, having an eye to both branches of the business carried on by his employer. This connection continued for nearly a year, all the duties of his position being

of getting rid of troublesome friends, as well as troublesome enemies, was by telling a story. He began these tactics early in life, and he grew to be wonderfully adept in them. If a man broached a subject which he did not wish to discuss, he told a story which changed the direction of the conversation. If he was called upon to answer a question, he answered it by telling a story. He had a story for everything ; something had occurred at some place where he used to live that illustrated every possible phase of every possible subject with which he might have connection.” He acquired the habit of story-telling naturally, as we learn from the following statement : “At home, with his step-mother and the children, he was the most agreeable fellow in the world. He was always ready to do everything for everybody. When he was not doing some special act of kindness, he told stories or ‘cracked jokes.’ He was as full of his yarns in Indiana as ever he was in Illinois. Dennis Hanks was a clever hand at the same business, and so was old Tom Lincoln.”

“HONEST ABE.”

It was while Lincoln was salesman for Offutt that he acquired the *sobriquet* of “Honest Abe.” Says Mr. Arnold : “Of many incidents illustrating his integrity, one or two may be mentioned. One evening he found his cash overran a little, and he discovered that in making change for his last customer, an old woman who had come in a little before sundown, he had made a mistake, not having given her quite enough. Although the amount was small, a few cents, he took the money, immediately walked to her house, and corrected the error. At another time, on his arrival at the store in the morning, he found on the scales a weight which he remembered having used just before closing, but which was not the one he had intended to use. He had sold a parcel of tea, and in the hurry had placed the wrong weight on the scales, so that the purchaser had a few ounces less of tea than had been paid for. He immediately sent the quantity required to



SCENE IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR.—CAPTAIN LINCOLN PROTECTING AN INDIAN CAPTIVE.

led by a tall, awkward, uncouth lad, whose appearance particularly attracted Mr. Bryant's attention, and whose conversation delighted him by its raciness and originality, garnished as it probably was by not a few rough frontier jokes. He learned, many years afterward, from a person who had been one of the troop, that this captain of theirs was named Abraham Lincoln."

LINCOLN AND STUART.

It was while Lincoln was a captain that he met for the



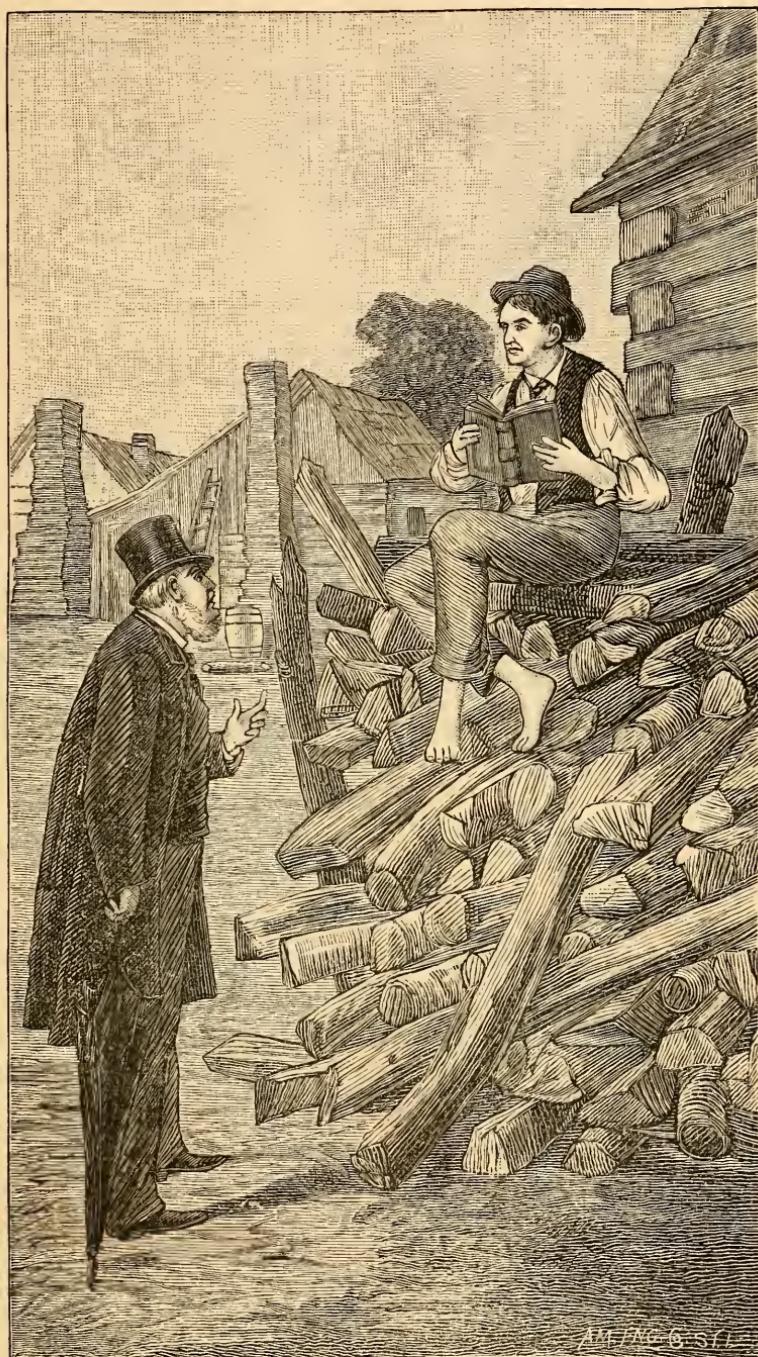
MAJOR JOHN T. STUART.

first time Major John T. Stuart, afterwards his law-partner, a gentleman who was destined to have an important influence upon his life. Stuart was already a lawyer by profession, and commanded one of the Sangamon county companies. He was

CHAPTER VI.

LINCOLN STUDIES LAW.—LAWYER, SURVEYOR, AND STOREKEEPER.—FISHING AND QUOTING POETRY.—ELECTED TO THE LEGISLATURE.—BEGINNING SLOWLY AS A LEGISLATOR.—PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS AT THIS PERIOD.—THE ROMANCE OF LINCOLN'S LIFE.—ANNE RUTLEDGE.—THE CLOSE OF YOUTH.—NEW SALEM REVISITED.—A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Mr. Lincoln began studying law sometime in 1832, using an old copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries" which he had bought at auction in Springfield. This book was soon mastered, and then the young man looked about him for more. His friend, John T. Stuart, had a considerable law library for those days, and to him Lincoln applied in his extremity. The library was placed at his disposal, and thenceforth he was engrossed in the acquisition of its contents. But the books were in Springfield, where their owner resided; and New Salem was some fourteen miles distant. This proved no obstacle in the way of Lincoln, who made nothing of the walk back and forth in the pursuit of his purpose. Mr. Stuart's partner, Mr. H. C. Dummer, took note of the youth in his frequent visits to the office, and declares: "He was an uncouth looking lad; did not say much, but what he did say he said straight and sharp." "He used to read law," says Henry McHenry, "in 1832 or 1833, barefooted, seated in the shade of a tree, and would grind around with the shade, just opposite Berry's grocery store, and a few feet south of the door. He occasionally varied the attitude by lying flat on his back, and putting his feet up the tree," a situation which might have been unfavorable to mental application in the case of a man with shorter extremities. "The first time I ever saw Abe with a law-book in his hand," says Squire Godbey, "he was sitting astride Jake Bates' woodpile in New Salem. Says I, 'Abe, what are you studying?' 'Law,' says Abe. 'Good God Almighty!' responded I." It was too much for Godbey; he could not sup-

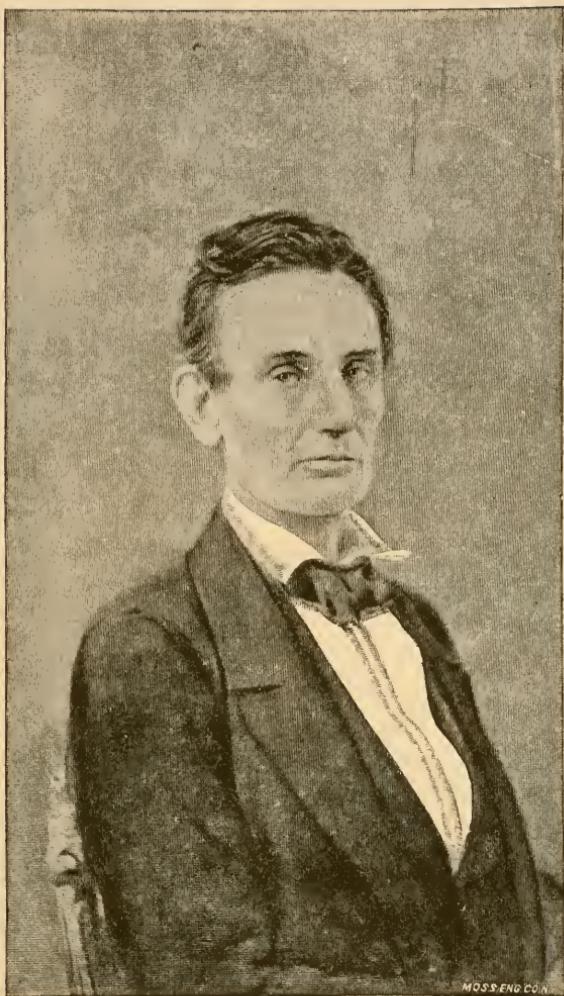


"WHAT ARE YOU STUDYING, ABE?" "LAW." "GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!"

himself a hero in every circumstance of his boyhood and youth. The elements of greatness were visible even then. The boy who was true to duty, patient in privation, modest in merit, kind to every form of distress, determined to rise by wresting opportunities from the grudging hand of fate, was sure to make a man distinguished among his fellows; a man noted among great men in the world, as the boy had been among his neighbors in the wilds of Spencer county and New Salem.

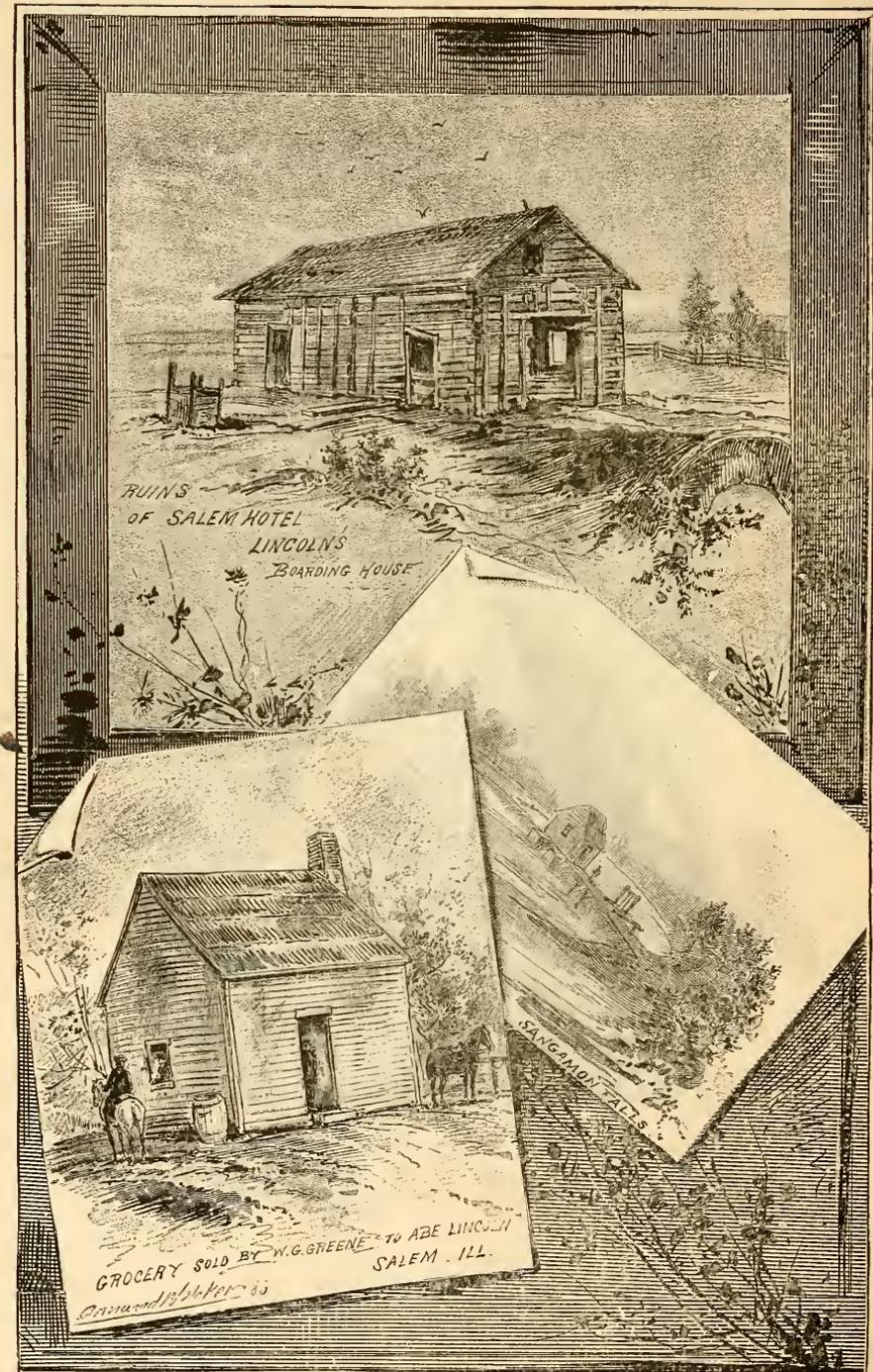
NEW SALEM RE-VISITED.—A DESERTED VILLAGE.

The site of the town where Lincoln spent the last three years of the period delineated in this portion of his biography, is now a desolate waste. A gentleman who visited the spot during the summer of 1885, thus describes the mournful scene: "From the hill where I sit under the shade of three trees whose branches make one, I look out over the Sangamon river and its banks covered apparently with primeval forests. Around are fields overgrown with weeds and stunted oaks. It was a town of ten or twelve years only; it began in 1824, and ended in 1836. Yet in that time it had a history which the world will not let die; not so long as it venerates the memory of the noble liberator and martyr President, Abraham Lincoln. I came here with a few of the old settlers. We drove up from Petersburg about two miles, passing on the way the site of the old mill run by Lincoln, and the remains of the old dam at Sangamon Falls, on which his flatboat lodged when floating down from Sangamon town on the way to New Orleans. After much debate as to the mode of reaching the old site, we entered an old field through a gate, and driving up a hill showing a wheel-track through tall weeds, we rode over the streets of the old town. The weeds were high as the horses' backs. Judge Tice, one of our party, stood up in his buggy, and surveying the landscape, pointed out a number of old familiar places. There was Cameron's boarding house, where Lincoln boarded when he kept store for



LINCOLN AT THE AGE OF FIFTY.

From an original photograph in possession of Hon. E. M. Haines.
(See note on opposite page.)



SCENES ABOUT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS.—LINCOLN'S BOARDING PLACE,
GROCERY, AND MILL.

PART II.

LINCOLN as LAWYER and POLITICIAN.

CHAPTER I.

BEGINNING A NEW CAREER.—POLITICAL EXPERIENCES.—LINCOLN AND THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN.—ABE AS AN ARISTOCRAT.—REPLY TO DR. EARLY.—A MANLY LETTER.—THE “LONG NINE.”—LINCOLN ON HIS WAY TO THE CAPITAL.—LINCOLN’S AMBITION IN 1836.—FIRST MEETING WITH DOUGLAS.—REMOVAL OF THE ILLINOIS CAPITAL.—TWO UGLY MEN.—“FOOTING IT” HOME.—ONE OF LINCOLN’S EARLY SPEECHES.—PRO-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN ILLINOIS—CONTEST WITH GENERAL EWING.—LINCOLN LAYS OUT A TOWN.—THE TITLE “HONEST ABE.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN’S career as a lawyer covered a period of a quarter of a century, beginning about 1834 or ’35, and ending with his election to the Presidency, in November, 1860. When he began his professional life he was an obscure and unpromising youth of twenty-five, with but little learning and fewer accomplishments, and without the advantages of social influence or wealthy friends. Step by step, with patient industry and unflinching determination, he climbed the ladder of professional advancement, until he stood among the foremost

The admirable portrait of Lincoln on the opposite page is from a negative made in October, 1859, by S. M. Fassett, of Chicago. A letter to Mr. Fassett from the late D. B. Cooke, of Chicago, written just after Mr. Lincoln’s death, in 1865, says: “S. M. FASSETT, Esq., *Dear Sir*:—Little thought we in October, 1859, when, at my solicitation, Abraham Lincoln visited with me your gallery, for the purpose of sitting for his photograph, what a value five years would give to the picture! Mrs. Lincoln pronounced this the best likeness she had ever seen of her husband. It shows him as he was, previous to his first nomination, and just as his old friends remember him. Consequently no recent picture can be so valuable to many; and the public ought to be truly grateful that you have preserved the negative with such care. There are so many caricatures of Mr. Lincoln in circulation that a reliable portrait is invaluable, and should adorn every house in the land.”

his voice, his gestures, were full of the magnetism of powerful feeling, of conscious strength and true eloquence."

A MANLY LETTER.

The inflexible honesty and the fine sense of honor which lay at the foundation of Abraham Lincoln's character, are nobly exhibited in the following letter, which needs no comment by way of explanation :

"NEW SALEM, June 21, 1836.

"DEAR COLONEL:—I am told that during my absence last week, you passed through this place, and stated publicly that you were in possession of a fact or facts which, if known to the public, would entirely destroy the prospects of N. W. Edwards and myself at the ensuing election; but that, through favor to us, you would forbear to divulge them. No one has needed favors more than I, and, generally, few have been less unwilling to accept them; but in this case favor to me would be injustice to the public, and therefore I must beg your pardon for declining it. That I once had the confidence of the people of Sangamon county is sufficiently evident; and if I have since done anything, either by design or misadventure, which, if known, would subject me to a forfeiture of that confidence, he that knows of that thing and conceals it, is a traitor to his country's interest.

"I find myself wholly unable to form any conjecture of what fact or facts, real or supposed, you spoke. But my opinion of your veracity will not permit me for a moment to doubt that you, at least, believed what you said. I am flattered with the personal regard you manifested for me; but I do hope that on more mature reflection you will view the public interest as a paramount consideration, and therefore determine to let the worst come.

"I assure you that the candid statement of facts on your part, however low it may sink me, shall never break the ties of personal friendship between us.

"I wish an answer to this, and you are at liberty to publish both, if you choose.

Very respectfully,

"Col. Robert Allen.

A. LINCOLN."

THE "LONG NINE."

Sangamon county sent nine delegates to the Legislature convened in 1836—two to the Senate and seven to the Lower House. They happened to be men of remarkable stature,

was a leading spirit. Mr. Wilson says: "When our bill, to all appearance, was dead beyond resuscitation, and our friends could see no hope, Lincoln never for a moment despaired, but collecting his colleagues in his room for consultation, his practical common-sense, his thorough knowledge of human nature, made him an overmatch for his compeers, and for any man I have ever known."

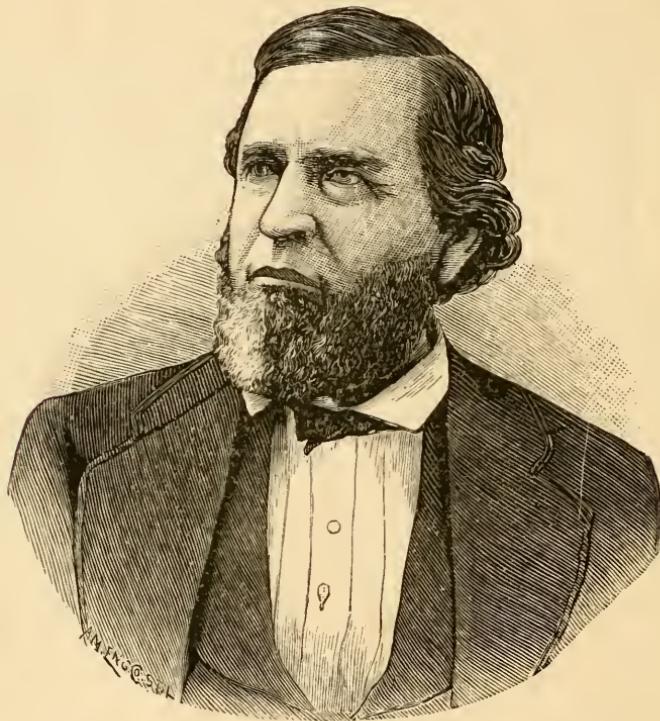
TWO UGLY MEN.

A member of the State Legislature of 1836 and 1837 was Mr. Archie Williams, a prominent lawyer, of whom General Linder says: "He was over six feet high, and as angular and ungainly in his form as Mr. Lincoln himself; and for homeliness of face and feature, surpassed Mr. Lincoln. I think I never saw but one man uglier than Archie, and that was Patrick H. Darbey, of Kentucky. * * * Archie Williams sat near Mr. Lincoln in the southeast corner of the old State House in Vandalia, on his left, and I remember one day a friend of mine asking me 'Who in——those two ugly men were.' Archie and Mr. Lincoln were great friends. I recollect Mr. Lincoln asking me on one occasion if I didn't think Archie Williams was one of the strongest-minded and clearest-headed men in Illinois. I don't know what reply I made at the time, but I know Mr. Lincoln said that he thought him the strongest-minded and clearest-headed man he ever saw."

"FOOTING IT" HOME.

It is asserted that Lincoln borrowed two hundred dollars from his friend Coleman Smoot, to pay his travelling expenses at the time of his first attendance at the State Legislature, and that he rode from New Salem to Vandalia and back in the regular stage-coach. Other biographers declare that he walked the hundred miles between the two towns, both going and coming, in 1834 and 1836. A gentleman in Menard county remembers meeting him and a detachment of the "Long Nine" on their way home at the close of the second session.

borrowed horse, with no earthly property save a pair of saddle-bags containing a few clothes. I was a merchant at Springfield, and kept a large country store, embracing dry goods, groceries, hardware, books, medicines, bed-clothes, mattresses, in fact everything that the country needed. Lincoln came into the store with his saddle-bags on his arm, and said he wanted to buy the furniture for a single bed. The mattresses,



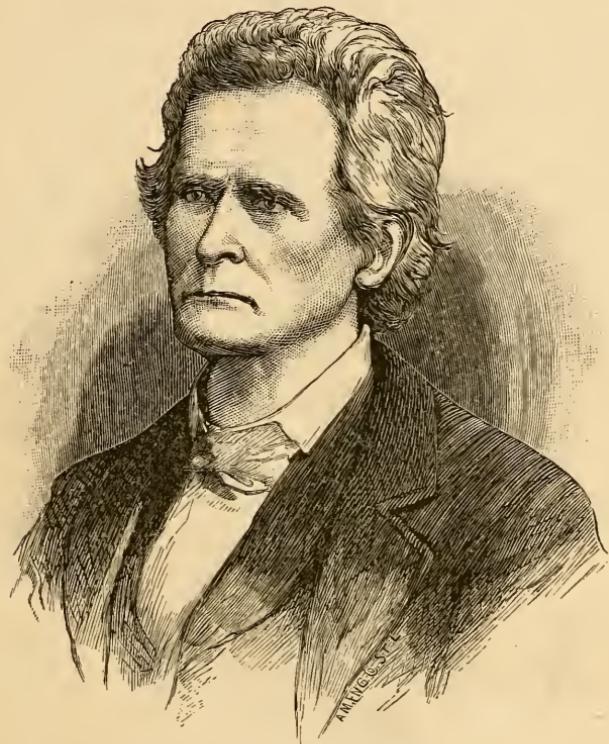
JOSHUA F. SPEED.

blankets, sheets, coverlid and pillow, according to the figures made by me, would cost seventeen dollars. He said that was perhaps cheap enough, but small as the sum was, he was unable to pay it. But if I would credit him till Christmas, and his experiment as a lawyer was a success, he would pay then, saying, in the saddest tone, 'If I fail in this, I do not know that

years, when it was dissolved, and Mr. Lincoln and Judge Stephen T. Logan became partners. This latter partnership continued until September 20, 1843; when the firm of "Lincoln & Herndon" was formed, and continued to the time of Mr. Lincoln's death.

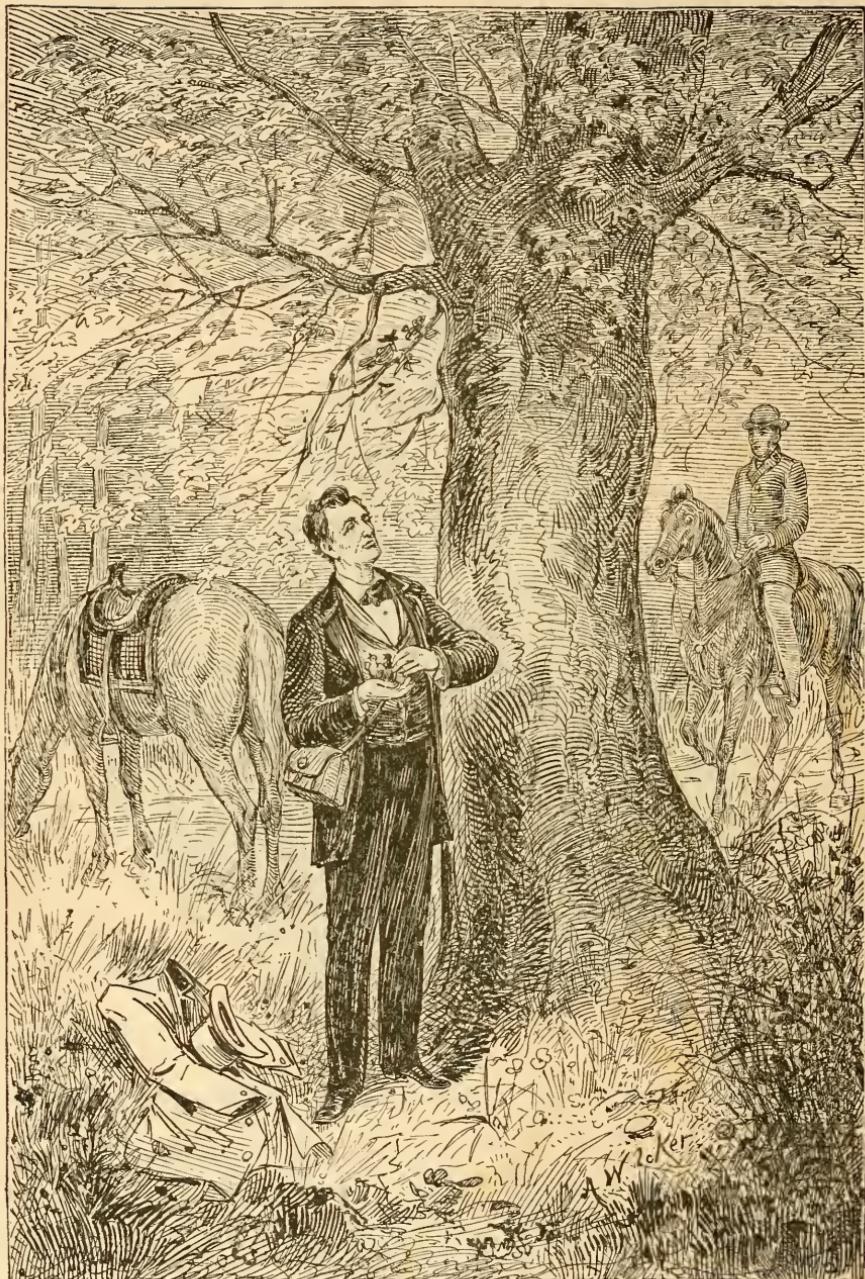
RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

When Lincoln began the practice of law, it was the custom in Illinois to "ride the circuit," a proceeding of which the

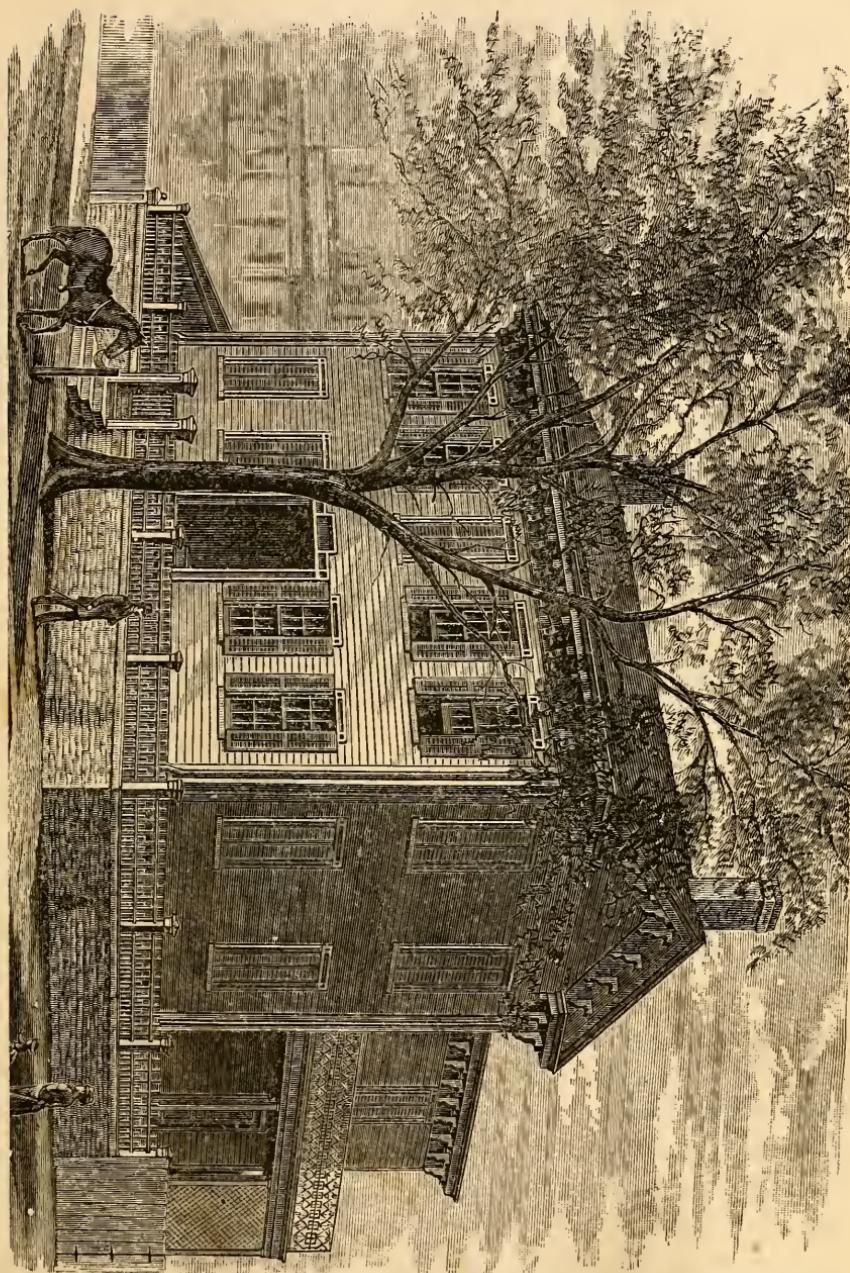


HON. STEPHEN T. LOGAN, LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER, 1841-'43.

older communities of the East know nothing. The State of Illinois, for instance, is divided into a number of districts, each composed of a number of counties, of which a single judge, appointed or elected, as the case may be, for that purpose, makes the circuit, holding courts at each county seat. Rail-



LINCOLN RESTORING THE YOUNG BIRDS TO THEIR NEST.—AN INCIDENT OF
“CIRCUIT RIDING” IN ILLINOIS.



THE LINCOLN HOMESTEAD AT SPRINGFIELD.

He comes at last, in sudden loneliness,
And whence they know not, why they need not guess ;
They more might marvel when the greetings o'er,
Not that he came, but came not long before.”

SOME MEMORABLE POLITICAL ENCOUNTERS.

During this period Mr. Lincoln continued to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Speed, who says: “After he made his home with me, on every winter’s night at my store, by a big wood fire, no matter how inclement the weather, eight or ten choice spirits assembled, without distinction of party. It was a sort of social club without organization. They came there because they were sure to find Lincoln. His habit was to engage in conversation upon any and all subjects except politics. But one evening a political argument sprang up between Lincoln and Douglas, which for a time ran high. Douglas sprang to his feet and said: ‘Gentlemen, this is no place to talk politics ; we will discuss the questions publicly with you.’ ” A few days after, the Whigs held a meeting, and challenged the Democrats to a joint debate. The challenge was accepted, and Douglas, Lamborn, Calhoun and Jesse Thomas were deputed by the Democrats to meet Logan, Baker, Browning and Lincoln on the part of the Whigs. The intellectual encounter between these noted champions is still described by those who witnessed it as “The great debate.” It took place in the Second Presbyterian church at Springfield, and lasted eight nights, each speaker occupying a night in turn. When Mr. Lincoln’s turn came the audience had thinned out, but, for all that, his speech was by many persons considered the best one of the series. Mr. Speed says: “Mr. Lincoln delivered this speech without manuscript or notes. He had a wonderful faculty in that way. He might be writing an important document, be interrupted in the midst of a sentence, turn his attention to other matters entirely foreign to the subject on which he was engaged, and then take up his pen and begin where he left off without reading the previous part of the sentence. He could grasp, exhaust, and quit any subject

LINCOLN'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Hon. Robert T. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky, came to Springfield in 1839, to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards. "She was young," says Mr. Lamon, "just twenty-one,—her family was of the best, and her connections in Illinois among the most refined and distinguished people. Her mother having died when she



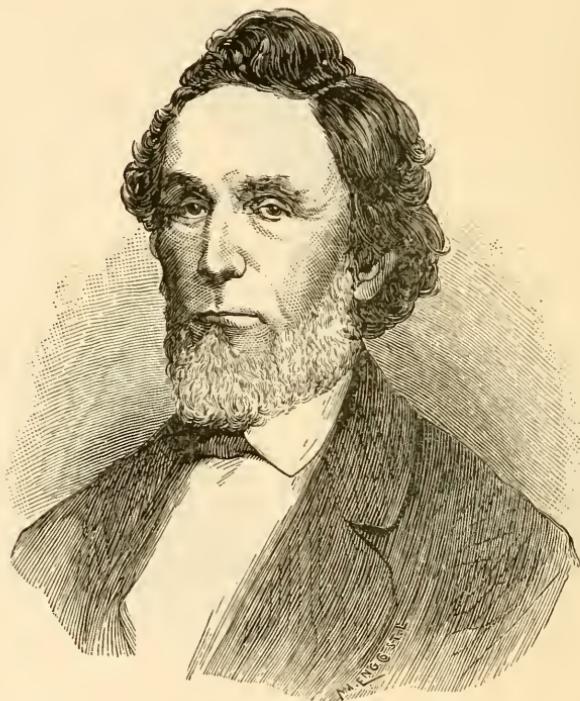
MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

was a little girl, she had been educated under the care of a French lady. She was gifted with rare talents, had a keen sense of the ridiculous, a ready insight into the weaknesses of individual character, and a most fiery and ungovernable temper. Her tongue and her pen were equally sharp. High-bred, proud, brilliant, witty, and with a will that bent every one else to her purpose, she took Mr. Lincoln captive. He

a hearing; but at last Mr. Herndon said: "Mr. Lincoln, you know I am too young, and I have no standing and no money; but if you are in earnest, there is nothing in this world that would make me so happy." Nothing more was said till the papers were brought to Herndon to sign.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1844.—A VISIT TO THE OLD INDIANA HOME.

The "Life of Henry Clay," which Lincoln read in his



HON. WILLIAM H. HERNDON, LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER AFTER 1843.

boyhood, had filled him with enthusiasm for the great Whig leader, and when the latter was nominated for the Presidency, in 1844, there was no more earnest adherent of his cause than the "Sangamon Chief," as Lincoln was now called. Lincoln canvassed Illinois and a part of Indiana during the campaign, meeting the chief Democratic speakers, and especially

CHAPTER V

BACK TO SPRINGFIELD.—LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—GLIMPSES OF HOME-LIFE.—HIS FAMILY.—HIS ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.—A LITTLE GIRL'S OPINION OF LINCOLN.—A PAINFUL SUBJECT.—A MAN OF SORROWS.—FAMILIAR APPEARANCE ON THE STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD.—A GAME OF CHESS INTERRUPTED.—SCENES IN THE LAW-OFFICE.—FOREBODINGS OF A "GREAT OR MISERABLE END."—AN EVENING WITH LINCOLN.—LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS TO HIS RELATIVES.—DEATH OF HIS FATHER.—A SENSIBLE ADVISER.—CARE OF HIS STEP-MOTHER.—AN INTERVIEW WITH SARAH LINCOLN.

RETIRING somewhat reluctantly from Washington life, which he seems to have liked very much, Mr. Lincoln returned to Springfield in 1849, and resumed the practice of the law. He declined an advantageous offer of a law-partnership at Chicago, made him by Judge Goodrich, giving as a reason that if he went to Chicago he would have to sit down and study hard, and this would kill him; that he would rather go around the circuit than to sit down and die in Chicago. So he settled down once more at Springfield.

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

A gentleman who knew Lincoln intimately in Springfield has given the following capital description of him: "He stands six feet four inches high in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not disproportionately so for a person of his height; his lower limbs are not disproportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly and deliberately, almost always with his head inclined forward and his hands clasped behind his back. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless, but not slovenly. In manner he is remarkably cordial, and, at the same time, simple. His politeness is always sincere, but never elaborate and oppressive. A warm shake of the hand, and a warmer smile of recognition, are

and mother; it is to his honor that he dearly loved his step-mother, and it is equally true that she idolized her stepson. He purchased a piece of property in Coles county as a home for his father and mother, and had it deeded in trust for their use and benefit. This was true and genuine comfort and material aid. It was not all gush, sympathy, and tears on paper; it was real, solid, genuine comfort and support, such as we can live upon."

DEATH OF LINCOLN'S FATHER.

In 1851 his father died, at the age of seventy-three. The following letter, written a few days before this event, reveals the affectionate solicitude of the son:

"SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 12, 1851.

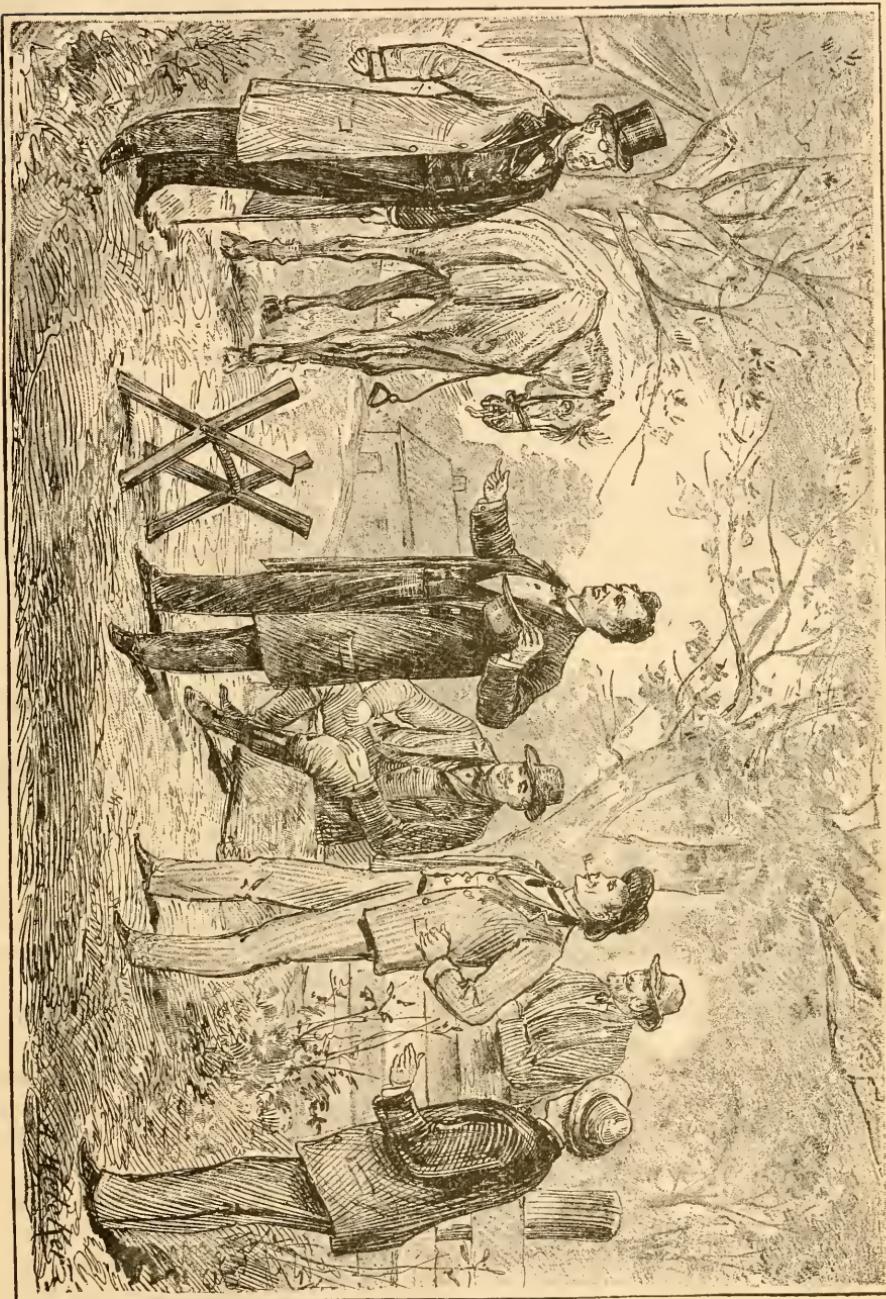
"DEAR BROTHER:—On the day before yesterday I received a letter from Harriet, written at Greenup. She says she has just returned from your house, and that father is very low, and will hardly recover. She also says that you have written me two letters, and that, although you do not expect me to come now, you wonder that I do not write. I received both your letters; and although I have not answered them, it is not because I have forgotten them, or not been interested about them, but because it appeared to me I could write nothing which could do any good. You already know I desire that neither father nor mother shall be in want of any comfort, either in health or sickness, while they live; and I feel sure you have not failed to use my name, if necessary, to procure a doctor or anything else for father in his present sickness. My business is such that I could hardly leave home now, if it were not, as it is, that my wife is sick a-bed. I sincerely hope father may yet recover his health; but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads; and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him. Say to him, that, if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that, if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them.

"Write me again when you receive this.

"Affectionately,

A. LINCOLN."

"WELL, JUDGE, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER GOT THE WORST OF IT IN A HORSE-TRADE."



getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be in just as deep as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap; for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say, if I will furnish you the money, you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you.

"Affectionately your brother,

A. LINCOLN."

CARE OF HIS STEP-MOTHER.

Lincoln's affectionate care for the step-mother who had loved and cared for him so tenderly in his boyhood, continued unabated so long as she lived. "He could not bear," says Mr. Speed, "to have anything said by any one against her." In the following letters his consideration for her welfare and his regard for the children of his step-brother are very apparent.

"SHELBYVILLE, Nov. 4, 1851.

"DEAR BROTHER:—When I came into Charleston, day before yesterday, I learned that you are anxious to sell the land where you live, and move to Missouri. I have been thinking of this ever since, and cannot but think such a notion is utterly foolish. What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will any body there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you can not get along any where. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good. You have raised no crop this year; and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money and spend it. Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half of what you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat and drink and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought. Now, I feel it is my duty to have no hand in such a piece of foolery. I feel that it is so even on your own account, and particularly on mother's account. The eastern forty acres I intend to keep for mother while she lives; if you will not cultivate it, it will rent for enough to support her; at least, it will rent for something. Her dower in the other two forties

CHAPTER VI.

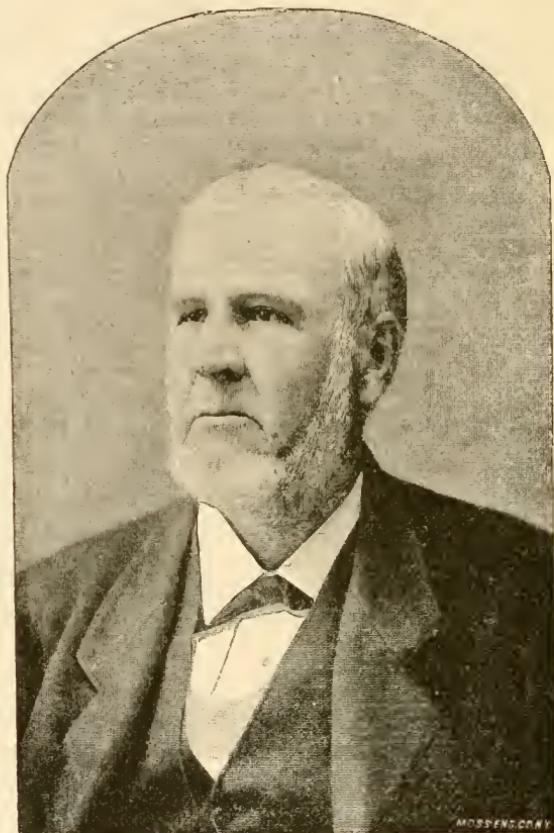
LINCOLN'S LAW PRACTICE.—APPEARANCE IN COURT.—REMINISCENCES OF A LAW-STUDENT IN LINCOLN'S OFFICE.—AN "OFFICE COPY" OF BYRON.—NOVEL WAY OF KEEPING PARTNERSHIP ACCOUNTS.—CHARGES FOR LEGAL SERVICES.—TRIAL OF BILL ARMSTRONG.—KINDNESS TOWARD UNFORTUNATE CLIENTS.—REFUSING TO DEFEND A GUILTY MAN.—WANTED TO WASH HIS HANDS.—COULDN'T TAKE PAY FOR DOING HIS DUTY.—"BETTER MAKE SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS SOME OTHER WAY."—"A SMALL CROP OF FIGHT FOR AN ACRE OF GROUND."—FIXING A "PLUG FOR HIS GALLows."—"TAKING UP TACKLING" BEFORE A JURY.—A MAN "WHO HADN'T SENSE ENOUGH TO PUT ON HIS SHIRT."—LINCOLN AS A HORSE-TRADER.—SOME STRIKING OPINIONS OF LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

THE ten years following the close of Lincoln's Congressional service, in 1849, were given to the uninterrupted practice of the law, to which he devoted himself laboriously and successfully, though not with great pecuniary gains. His legal fees were regarded by his brethren at the bar as "ridiculously small." His practice had extended to the Supreme Court of his State and to the United States District and Circuit Courts, and he was occasionally retained for cases in other States. With greater love of money and less sympathy for his fellows, he might easily have acquired a fortune from his business.

APPEARANCE IN COURT.

An unusually interesting and vivid description of Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance and manner in the trial of a case is furnished by one who was a witness of the scenes which he so admirably describes. The writer says: "While living in Danville, Illinois, in 1854, I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time. The occasion of Mr. Lincoln's visit was as prosecutor of a slander suit brought by Dr. Fithian against a wealthy farmer, whose wife died under the doctor's hands. The defense was represented by Edward A. Hannegan, of Indiana, ex-United States Senator and afterward Minister to Berlin, an able and eloquent man; and O. B. Ficklin, who,

his more prominent qualities: "I have often said that, for a man who was for a quarter of a century both a lawyer and a politician, he was the most *honest* man I ever knew. He was not only morally honest, but intellectually so. He could not reason falsely; if he attempted it, he failed. In politics he



JUDGE DAVID DAVIS.

would never try to mislead. At the bar, when he thought he was wrong, he was the weakest lawyer I ever saw."

Hon. David Davis, afterwards Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court and U. S. Senator, presided over the Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois during the remaining years of Mr. Lin-

CHAPTER VII.

LINCOLN AND SLAVERY.—VIEWS EXPRESSED BY HIM IN 1850.—HIS MIND MADE UP.—THE HOUR AND THE MAN.—LINCOLN AND THE KANSAS STRUGGLE.—CROSSING SWORDS WITH DOUGLAS.—A NOTABLE SPEECH BY LINCOLN.—“HARK! FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL SOUND!”—ADVICE TO KANSAS BELLIGERENTS.—HONOR IN POLITICS.—ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN AND YATES.—CONTEST FOR THE U. S. SENATE IN 1855.—LINCOLN'S DEFEAT.—SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE OF '55.

AT the death of Henry Clay, in June, 1852, Mr. Lincoln was invited to deliver a eulogy on his life and character before the citizens of Springfield. He complied with the request on the 16th of July. In the same season he made a speech before the “Scott Club” of Springfield, in reply to the addresses with which Mr. Douglas opened his extended campaign of that summer at Richmond, Virginia. With these exceptions, Mr. Lincoln took but little part in politics until the passage of the “Nebraska bill” in 1854. The enactment of this measure by Congress impelled him to take a firmer stand upon the question of slavery than he had ever assumed before. He had been opposed to the institution, from sentiment, since the days of his boyhood; but henceforth he determined to fight it from principle. Mr. Herndon states that Lincoln became an anti-slavery man during his visit to New Orleans in 1831, when he was deeply affected by the horrors of the traffic in human beings. On one occasion, he saw a slave, a beautiful mulatto girl, sold at auction. She was felt over, pinched, trotted around to show bidders she was sound, etc. Lincoln walked away from the sad and inhuman scene with a deep feeling of unsmotherable hate. He said to John Hanks, “*By God! if I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it kard, John!*” Again, in the summer of 1841, he was painfully impressed by a scene witnessed during his journey home from Kentucky, described in a letter written at the time to the sister of his friend Speed, in which he says: “A fine

sentative in Congress should hold it longer than one term; that he would then give way for the next favorite. Mr. Lincoln had held the position once, and its return to him was far in the future.

“The Fusion triumph in the Legislature was considered by the Whig element as a success, in which they acknowledged



HON. ELIJAH M. HAINES.

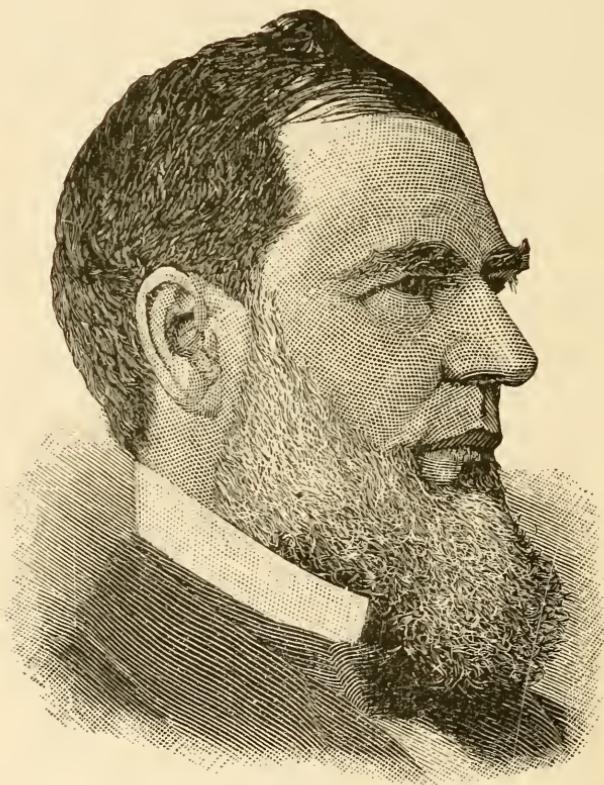
great obligation to Mr. Lincoln. That element in the Fusion party therefore urged his claims as the successor of General Shields. His old associate and tried friend in the Whig

CHAPTER VIII.

BIRTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—LINCOLN ONE OF ITS FATHERS.—THE BLOOMINGTON CONVENTION.—LINCOLN'S GREAT SPEECH.—A RATIFICATION MEETING OF THREE.—THE FIRST NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—NOMINATION OF FREMONT AND DAYTON.—LINCOLN IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1856.—ON THE STUMP IN OGLE COUNTY.—“A DANGEROUS MAN!”—VIEWS ON THE POLITICS OF THE FUTURE.—FIRST VISIT TO CINCINNATI.—FIRST MEETING WITH EDWIN M. STANTON.—STANTON'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LINCOLN.—HE REGARDS HIM AS A “GIRAFFE.”—A VISIT TO NICHOLAS LONGWORTH OF CINCINNATI.—SEEING THE CITY.

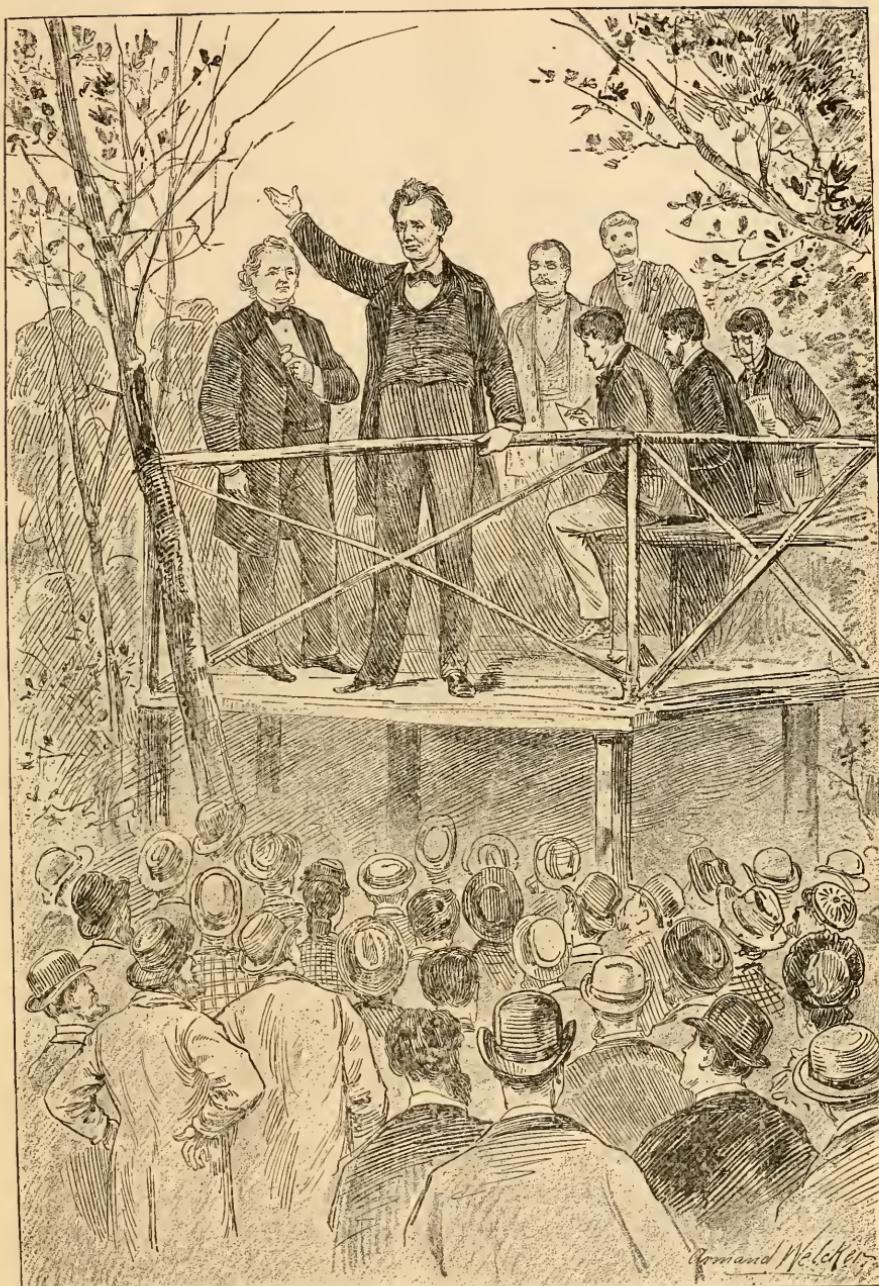
THE year 1856 saw the dissolution of the old Whig party. It had become too narrow and restricted to answer the needs of the hour. A new platform was demanded, that would admit the great principles and issues growing out of the slavery agitation. A convention of the Whig leaders throughout the country met at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of February, 1856, to consider the necessity of a new organization. A little later, Mr. Herndon, in the office of Mr. Lincoln, called a convention at Bloomington, Illinois, “summoning together all those who wished to see the government conducted on the principles of Washington and Jefferson.” The call was signed by the most prominent Abolitionists of Illinois, with the name of A. LINCOLN at the head. The morning after its publication, Major Stuart entered Mr. Herndon's office in a state of extreme excitement, and, as the latter relates, demanded: “‘Sir, did Mr. Lincoln sign that Abolition call which is published this morning?’ I answered, ‘Mr. Lincoln did not sign that call.’ ‘Did Lincoln authorize you to sign it?’ ‘No, he never authorized me to sign it.’ ‘Then do you know that you have ruined Mr. Lincoln?’ ‘I did not know that I had ruined Mr. Lincoln; did not intend to do so; thought he was a made man by it; that the time had come when conservatism was a crime and a blunder.’ ‘You, then, take the responsibility of your acts, do you?’ ‘I do, most emphatically.’ However, I instantly sat down and wrote to Mr. Lincoln, who was then in Pekin or Tremont,—possibly

devotion to Mr. Lincoln never wavered throughout his whole career, shared these apprehensions. Says Mr. Swett: "The first ten lines of that speech defeated him. The sentiment of the 'house divided against itself' seemed wholly inappropriate. It was a speech made at the commencement of a campaign, and apparently made for the campaign. Viewing it in this light alone, nothing could have been more unfortunate or in-



HON. LEONARD SWETT.

appropriate. It was saying first the wrong thing; yet he saw that it was an abstract truth, and standing by the speech would ultimately find him in the right place. I was inclined at the time to believe these words were hastily and inconsider-



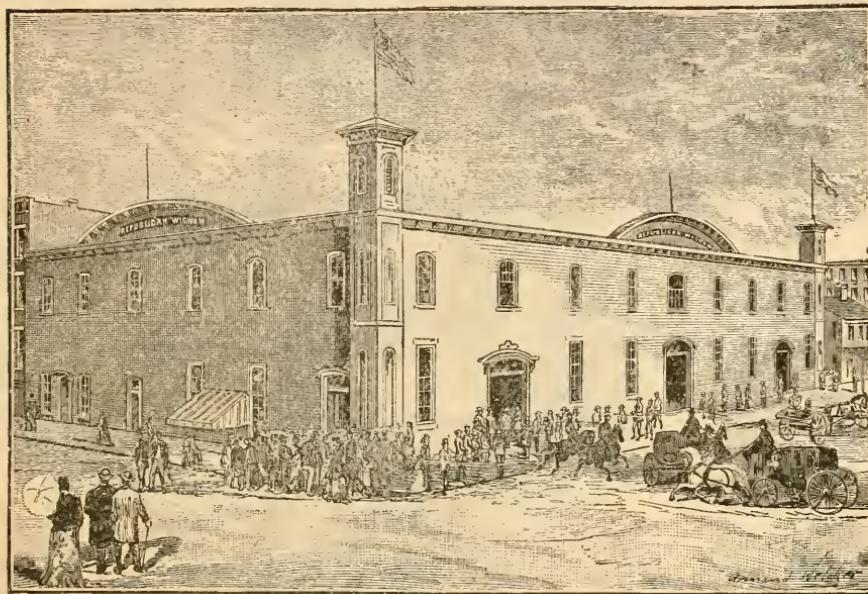
SCENE IN THE GREAT LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATE.—"SIT DOWN, LINCOLN!
SIT DOWN! YOUR TIME IS UP!"

CHAPTER XI.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE PRESIDENCY.—THE ILLINOIS REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1860.—A “SEND-OFF” FOR LINCOLN.—SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES BY AN ARTIST.—THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.—TURNING THE TABLES.—LINCOLN NOMINATED.—SKETCH OF THE CONVENTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—LINCOLN HEARING THE NEWS.—THE SCENE AT SPRINGFIELD.—A VISIT TO LINCOLN AT HIS HOME.—AN INVITATION TO SUPPER.—RECEIVING THE COMMITTEE OF THE CONVENTION.—NOMINATION OF DOUGLAS.—CAMPAIGN OF 1860.—VARIOUS CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.—THE “BIG SCHOOLMASTER OF ILLINOIS.”—THE OLD LADY AND THE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.—LINCOLN AND THE TALL SOUTHERNER.—THE VOTE OF THE SPRINGFIELD CLERGY.—“MY NAME IS LINCOLN.”—A GRACEFUL LETTER TO THE POET BRYANT.—“LOOKING UP HARD SPOTS.”—LINCOLN’S “OUTCOME.”

IN the latter part of the year 1859, after Mr. Lincoln had gained national prominence through the events narrated in the last chapter, some of his friends began to consider the expediency of bringing him forward as a candidate for the Presidency in 1860. The Republican party had been in the minority, and the necessity was universally felt of nominating a man who would not render himself objectionable by advocating extreme or unpopular measures. The subject was mentioned to Mr. Lincoln, but he seems not to have taken it very seriously. He said that there were distinguished men in the party who were more worthy of the nomination, and whose public services entitled them to it. Towards the Spring of 1860, Mr. Lincoln consented to a conference on the subject with some of his more intimate friends. The meeting took place in a committee-room in the State House. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Hatch (the Secretary of State), Mr. Judd (Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee), Mr. Peck, and Mr. Grimshaw were present. They were unanimous in opinion as to the expediency and propriety of making him a candidate. But, says Mr. Lamon, “Mr. Lincoln, with his characteristic modesty, doubted whether he could get the nomination, even if he wished it, and asked until the next morning

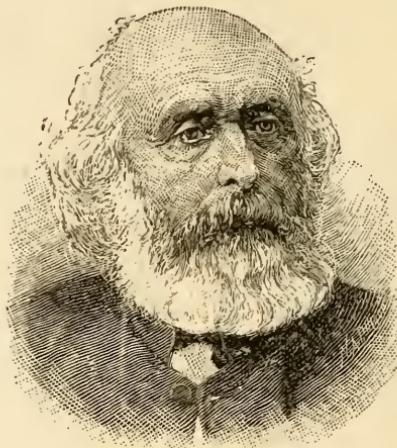
building erected for the purpose of holding the convention, was filled with an excited throng numbering fully 12,000. The leading candidates were, besides Lincoln: William H. Seward, of New York; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Edward Bates, of Missouri. From the first, however, the real contest was between Lincoln and Seward. Seward was the acknowledged leader of the Republican party, New York's ex-Governor, and now its most



THE OLD CHICAGO WIGWAM.—THE BUILDING IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY, MAY 18TH, 1860.

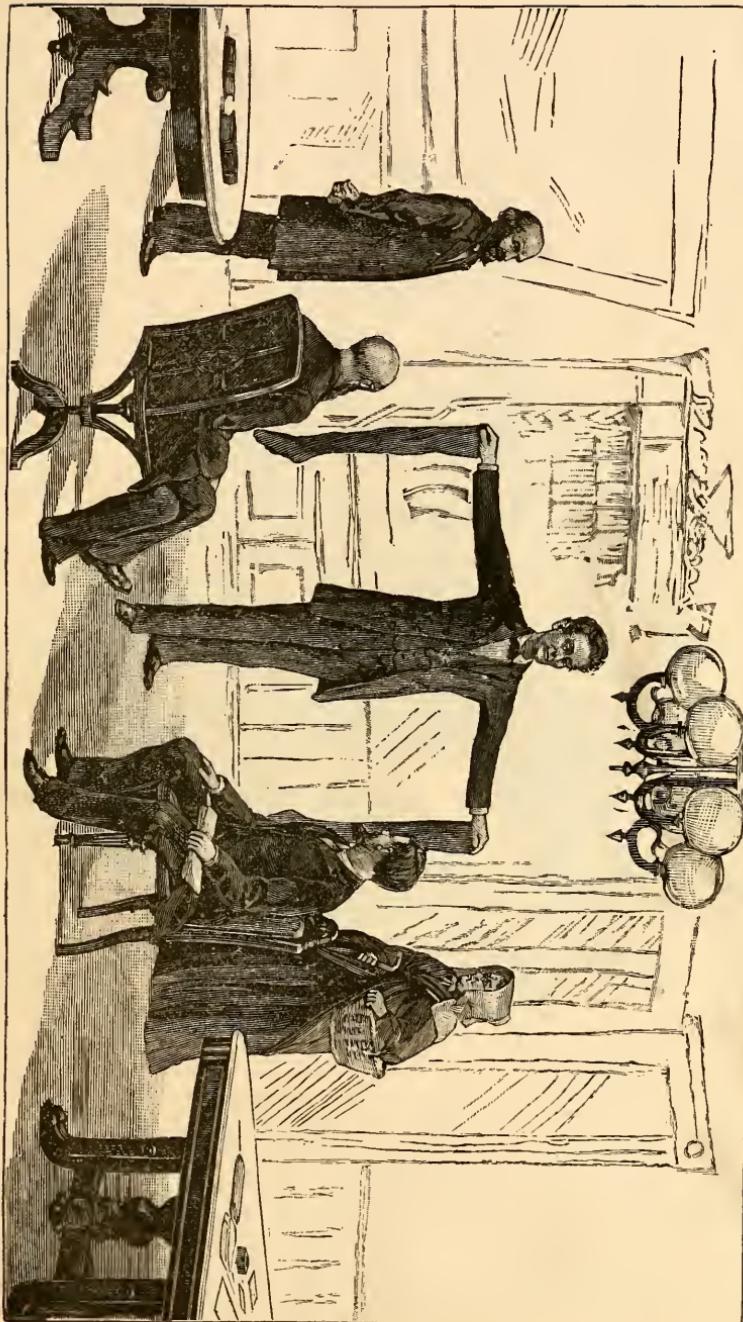
distinguished Senator; hence his position had been far more conspicuous than that of Lincoln. It was expected that Seward would be nominated by acclamation; but his supporters were doomed to a heavy disappointment. Lincoln, on the other hand, had come into prominence mainly as the competitor of Douglas in 1858. His Cooper Institute speech, delivered three months before the convention met, had done much for him in the East; and the homely title of "Honest

man grows upon him as the years pass by. In his professional and public work, says Dr. Bateman, Mr. Lincoln not only proved himself equal to every emergency and to every successive task, but made, from the outset, the impression upon the mind of those who knew him of being in possession of great reserve force. Perhaps the secret of this lies in part in the fact that he was accustomed to ponder deeply upon the ultimate principles of government and society, and strove to base his discussions upon the firm ground of ethical truth. Says Dr. Bateman, "He was the saddest man I ever knew."



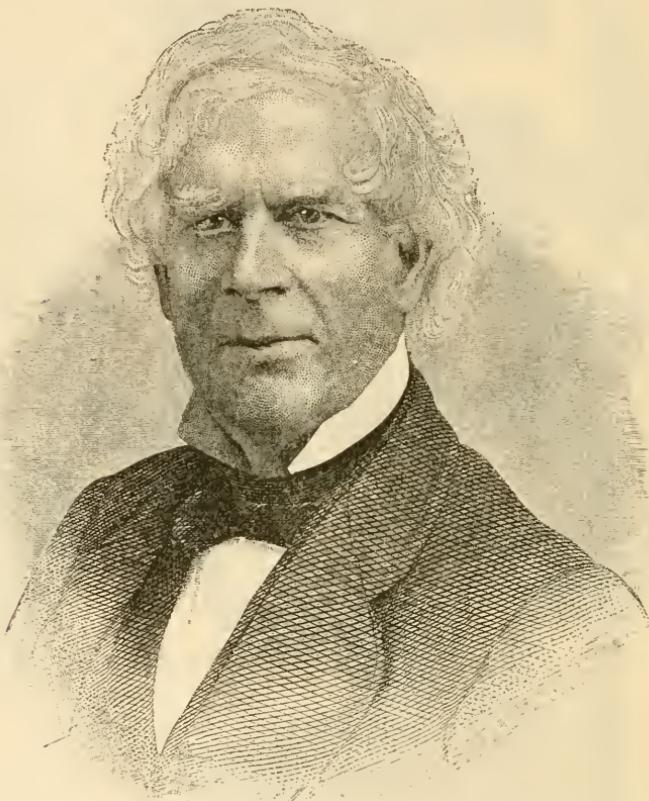
DR. NEWTON BATEMAN.

It was a necessity of his nature to be much alone ; and he said that all his serious work—by which he meant the process of getting down to the bed-rock of first principles—must be done in solitude. Upon one occasion he called Dr. Bateman to him, and spent more than two hours in earnest conversation upon the most serious themes. At the close, Dr. Bateman said: "I did not know, Mr. Lincoln, that it was your habit to think so deeply upon this class of subjects." "Didn't you?" said Mr. Lincoln. "I can almost say that I think of *nothing else.*"



THE OLD LADY PRESENTING LINCOLN A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

Springfield two or three days in close consultation with the President-elect, the formation of the new Cabinet being the subject principally discussed. After expressing gratification at his election, and an apprehension of the dangers which threatened the incoming administration, says Mr. Weed, in his au-



Thaddeus Weed

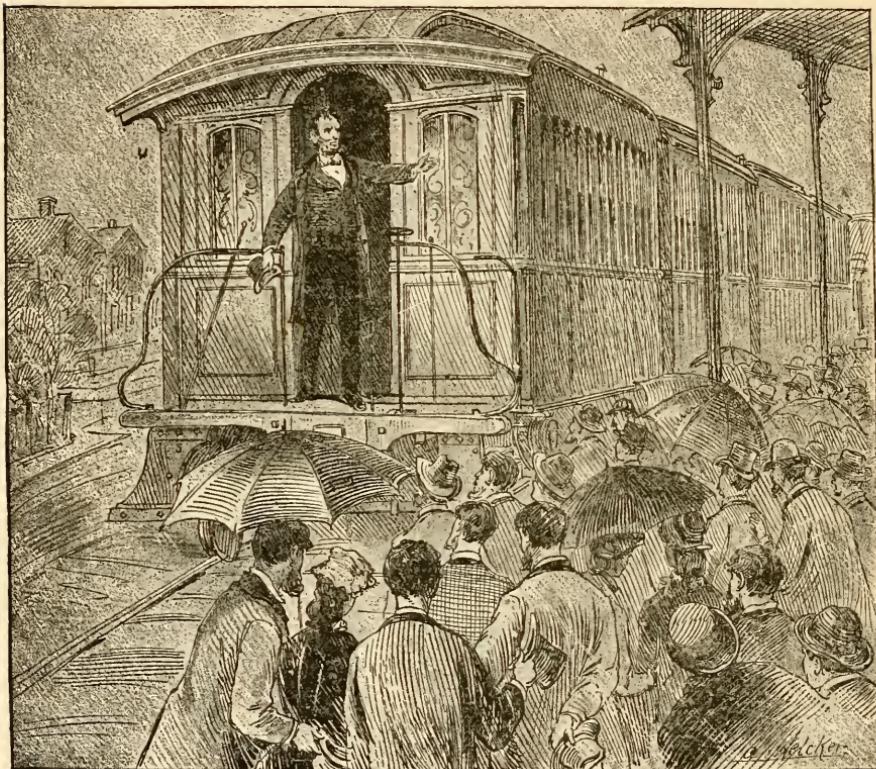
tobiography, "Mr. Lincoln remarked, smiling, 'that he supposed I had had some experience in cabinet-making; that he had a job on hand, and as he had never learned that trade he was disposed to avail himself of the suggestions of friends.'

CHAPTER XIII.

OFF FOR THE CAPITAL.—FAREWELL SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD.—THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.—SPEECHES ALONG THE ROUTE.—A HAND-SHAKING EPISODE.—AT CINCINNATI.—AN UNCOMFORTABLE RIDE.—A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED SPEECH BY MR. LINCOLN.—AT CLEVELAND.—PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN.—THE LITTLE GIRL WHO ADVISED MR. LINCOLN TO RAISE A BEARD.—IN NEW YORK CITY.—PERILS OF THE JOURNEY.—THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE MR. LINCOLN IN BALTIMORE.—A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.—ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL.—THE DANGERS AT BALTIMORE NOT IMAGINARY.

ON the morning of the 11th of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln left his home in Springfield for the scene where he was to spend the most anxious, toilsome, and painful years of his life. An elaborate programme had been prepared for his journey to Washington, which was to conduct him through the principal cities of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and consume much of the time intervening before the 4th of March. Special trains, preceded by pilot-engines, were prepared for his accommodation. He was accompanied at his departure by his wife and three sons, and a party of friends, including Governor Yates, ex-Governor Moore, Dr. W. M. Wallace (his brother-in-law), N. B. Judd, O. H. Browning, Ward H. Lamon, David Davis, Col. E. E. Ellsworth, and John M. Hay and J. G. Nicolay, afterwards his private secretaries. Mr. Lamon, describing the incidents of his leave-taking, says: "It was a gloomy day; heavy clouds floated overhead, and a cold rain was falling. Long before eight o'clock, a great mass of people had collected at the station of the Great Western Railway to witness the event of the day. At precisely five minutes before eight, Mr. Lincoln, preceded by Mr. Wood, emerged from a private room in the depot building, and passed slowly to the car, the people falling back respectfully on either side, and as many as possible shaking his hands. Having finally reached the train, he ascended

the rear platform, and, facing about to the throng which had closed around him, drew himself up to his full height, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence. His eye roved sadly over that sea of upturned faces ; and he thought he read in them again the sympathy and friendship which he had often tried, and which he never needed more



LEAVING SPRINGFIELD FOR WASHINGTON.—LINCOLN'S FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS.

than he did then. There was an unusual quiver in his lip, and a still more unusual tear on his shrivelled cheek. His solemn manner, his long silence, were as full of melancholy eloquence as any words he could have uttered. What did he think of? Of the mighty changes which had lifted him from the lowest to the highest estate on earth? Of the weary road

which had brought him to this lofty summit? Of his poor mother lying beneath the tangled underbrush in a distant forest? Of that other grave in the quiet Concord cemetery? Whatever the particular character of his thoughts, it is evident that they were retrospective and painful. To those who were anxiously waiting to catch words upon which the fate of the nation might hang, it seemed long until he had mastered his feelings sufficiently to speak. At length he began, in a husky tone of voice, and slowly and impressively delivered his farewell to his neighbors. Imitating his example, many in the crowd stood with heads uncovered in the fast-falling rain."

FAREWELL SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD.

"My Friends:—No one, not in my position, can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine blessing which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Abraham Lincoln spoke none but true and sincere words, and none more true and heartfelt ever fell from his lips than these, so laden with pathos, with humility, with a craving for the sympathy of his friends and the people, and for help above and beyond all earthly power and love.

THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.—SPEECHES ALONG THE ROUTE.

The route chosen for the journey to Washington was a somewhat circuitous one, traversing the States of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and passing through Maryland to the District of Columbia. It seems to have been the desire of Mr. Lincoln to meet personally the

people of the great Northern States, upon whose devotion and loyalty he prophetically felt he must depend for the salvation of the Republic. Everywhere he met the warmest and most generous greetings from the throngs assembled at the railway stations in the various cities through which he passed. At Indianapolis, where the first important halt was made, cannon announced the arrival of the party, and a royal welcome was accorded the distinguished traveller. In this, as in the other cities at which he stopped, Mr. Lincoln made a brief address to the people. On each occasion his remarks were well considered and temperate. His manner was serious, his expressions thoughtful and feeling. He entreated the people to be calm and patient; to stand by the principles of liberty inwrought into the fabric of the Constitution; to have faith in the strength and reality of the Government, and faith in his purpose to discharge his duties honestly and impartially. He referred continually to his trust in the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, to guide the nation safely out of its present peril and perplexity. "I judge," he said at Columbus, "that all we want is time and patience, and a reliance in that God who has never forsaken His people." Again, he said: "Let the people on both sides keep their self-possession, and just as other clouds have cleared away in due time, so will this; and this great nation shall continue to prosper as heretofore." And, alluding more definitely to his purposes for the future, he declared: "I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am—none who would do more to preserve it. But it may be *necessary to put the foot down firmly.*"

A HAND-SHAKING EPISODE.

At the conclusion of Mr. Lincoln's speech at Columbus, a tremendous crowd surged forward to shake his hand. It was something fearful. Says Dr. Holland: "Every man in the crowd was anxious to wrench the hand of Abraham Lincoln.



PART III.

LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT.

CHAPTER. I.

FIRST DAYS IN WASHINGTON.—MEETING PUBLIC MEN AND DISCUSSING PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—“I’LL TRY TO STEER HER THROUGH.”—SPEECH TO THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL.—A “CLOSE CALL” FOR THE INAUGURAL MESSAGE.—THE INAUGURATION.—THE SCENE DESCRIBED.—THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.—A NEW ERA BEGUN.—LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—THE FIRST CABINET.—THE PRESIDENT AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS.—SOUTHERN PREJUDICE AGAINST MR. LINCOLN.—GENERAL SHERMAN WORRIED, BUT MR. LINCOLN THINKS “WE’LL MANAGE TO KEEP HOUSE.”—THE PRESIDENT’S RECEPTION ROOM.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.—GUARDING THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE week following Mr. Lincoln’s arrival in Washington, and preceding his inauguration, was one of incessant activity for him. From almost the first moment of his arrival in the capital he was constantly engrossed, either in preparations for his inauguration and the official responsibilities which would immediately follow that event, or in receiving the distinguished callers who hastened to meet him, and in discussing with them the grave aspect of political affairs. Without rest or opportunity to survey the field that lay before him, or any preparations, save such as the resources of his own strong character might afford him, he was plunged instantly into the great political maelstrom in which he was to remain for four long years, and whose wild vortex might well have bewildered an eye less sure, a will less resolute, and a brain less cool than his.

MEETING PUBLIC MEN AND DISCUSSING PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

“Mr. Lincoln’s headquarters,” says Congressman Riddle of Ohio, “were at Willard’s Hotel · and the few days before

by no means usual with incoming Presidents. When he had reached his room and the crowd had dispersed, my friend and myself, who had opposed his election, called upon him to pay our respects. He received us with great cordiality, spoke freely of the difficulties by which he was surrounded, and referred to the support he had received in Massachusetts with evident satisfaction. 'I like your man Banks,' said he, 'and have tried to find a place for him in my Cabinet, but I am afraid I shall not quite fetch it.' He bore the marks of anxiety in his countenance, which, in its expression of patience, determination, resolve, and deep innate modesty, was extremely touching."

"I'LL TRY TO STEER HER THROUGH."

General John A. Logan relates that on the morning of President Lincoln's arrival in Washington (February 23), he called upon him at Willard's Hotel, in company with Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois; and that both gentlemen urged the necessity of a firm and vigorous policy. The President listened to the end, then said, very seriously but cheerfully, "As the country has placed me at the helm of the ship, *I'll try to steer her through.*"

SPEECH TO THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL.

On the 27th of February, the Mayor and Common Council of Washington waited upon Mr. Lincoln, and extended to him a formal welcome to the city. In his brief reply Mr. Lincoln expressed the kindly and conciliatory sentiments with which he regarded the citizens of the District of Columbia and of the South:

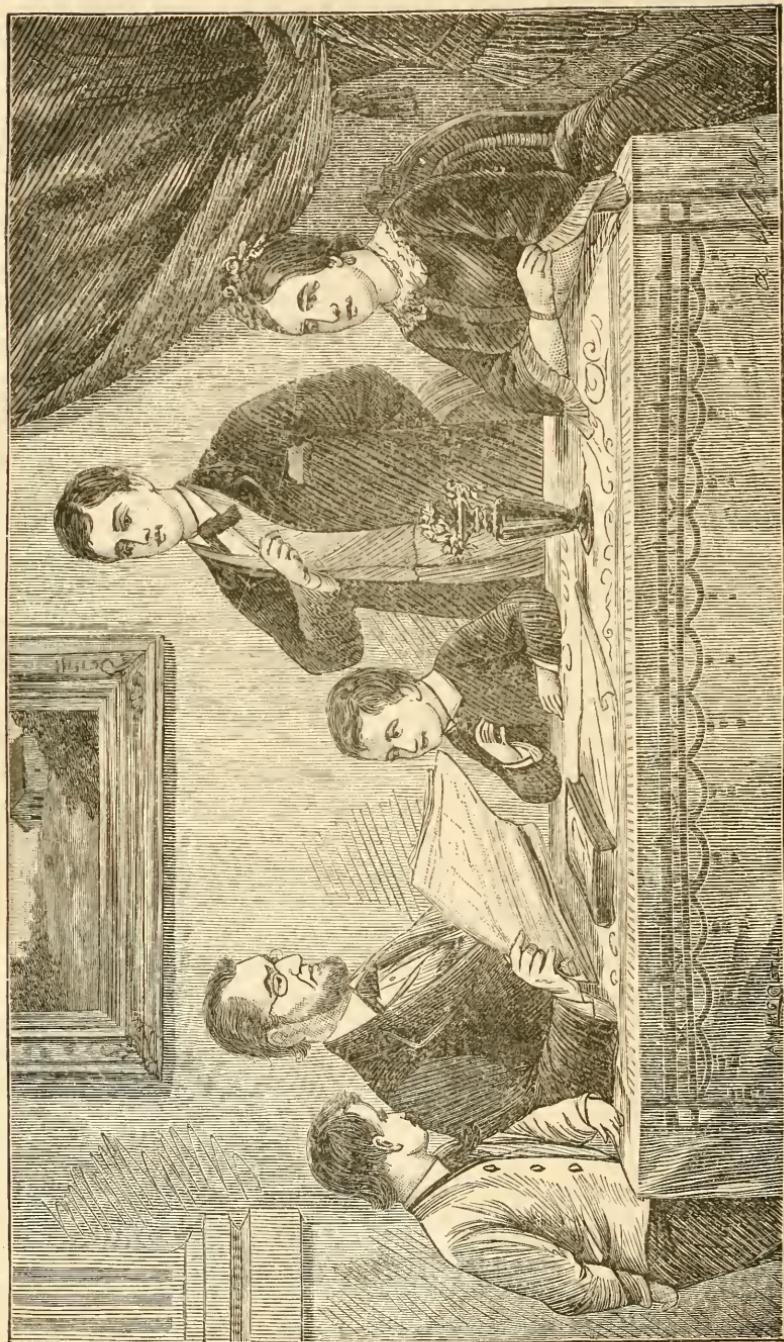
"I think very much of the ill-feeling that has existed, and still exists, between the people in the sections from which I came and the people here, is dependent upon a misunderstanding of one another. I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to assure you, Mr. Mayor, and all the gentlemen present, that I have not now, and never have had, any other than as kindly feelings towards you as the people of my own section. I have not now, and never have had, any disposition to treat you

to listen to the ‘better angels’ of their nature. ‘Temperate, reasonable, kindly persuasive’—it seems strange that Mr. Lincoln’s inaugural address did not disarm at least the personal resentment of the South toward him, and sufficiently strengthen Union-loving people there against the red-hot Secessionists, to put the ‘breaks’ down on rebellion.”

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The inaugural address was devoted exclusively to the great and absorbing topic of the hour—the attempt of the Southern States to withdraw from the Union and erect an independent republic. The calm, firm, moderate, judicious spirit which pervaded Mr. Lincoln’s address is apparent in the following quotations, which contain some of its best passages:

“*Fellow-Citizens of the United States:—*In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President ‘before he enters on the execution of his office.’ * * * Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that ‘I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.’ Those who nominated and elected me, did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. * * * * I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section as to another. * * * * * I hold that, in contemplation of universal



THE LINCOLN FAMILY AT HOME IN THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1861.—THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. LINCOLN,
ROBERT, TAD AND WILLIE.

little more time for reflection would yet make all things right. The young men of the South, fired by the Southern leaders' false appeals, must soon return to reason. The prairie fire is terrible while it sweeps along, but it soon burns out. When the young men face the emblem of their Nation's glory—the flag of the land of their birth—*then* will come the reaction, and their false leaders will be hurled from place and power, and might will again be right. Yea, when it comes to firing on the old, old flag, they will not, cannot do it! Between the compromise within their reach, and such sacrilege as this, they cannot waver long.

“So, doubtless, all the long night, whether waking or sleeping, the mind of this true-hearted son of the West throbbed with the mighty weight of the problem entrusted to him for solution and the vast responsibilities which he had just assumed toward his fellow men, his Nation and his God. And when, at last, the long lean frame was thrown upon the couch, and ‘tired nature’s sweet restorer’ held him briefly in her arms, the smile of hopefulness on the wan cheek told that, despite all the terrible difficulties of the situation, the sleeper was sustained by a strong and cheerful belief in the Providence of God, the patriotism of the people, and the efficacy of his inaugural peace-offering to the South.”

THE FIRST CABINET.

The President’s first official act was the announcement of his Cabinet, which was composed of the following persons: William H. Seward, Secretary of State; Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General; and Edward Bates, Attorney General. Mr. Lincoln had selected these counsellors with grave deliberation. In reply to the remonstrances urged, for political reasons, against the appointment of one or two of them, he had said: “Gentlemen, the times are too grave and perilous for ambitious

GENERAL SHERMAN WORRIED, BUT MR. LINCOLN THINKS
"WE'LL MANAGE TO KEEP HOUSE."

"One day," says General Sherman, "my brother, Senator Sherman, took me with him to see Mr. Lincoln. We found the room full of people, and Mr. Lincoln sat at the end of a table, talking with three or four gentlemen, who soon left. John walked up, shook hands, and took a chair near him, holding in his hand some papers referring to minor appointments in the State of Ohio, which formed the subject of conversation. Mr. Lincoln took the papers, said he would refer them to the proper heads of departments, and would be glad to make the appointments asked for, if not already promised. John then turned to me, and said, 'Mr. President, this is my brother, Colonel Sherman, who is just up from Louisiana; he may give you some information you want.' 'Ah!' said Mr. Lincoln, 'how are they getting along down there?' I said, 'They think they are getting along swimmingly—they are preparing for war.' 'Oh, well!' said he, 'I guess we'll manage to keep house.' I was silenced, said no more to him, and we soon left. I was sadly disappointed, and remember that I broke out on John, cursing the politicians generally, saying, 'You have got things in a — of a fix, and you may get them out as best you can,' adding that the country was sleeping on a volcano that might burst forth at any minute, but that I was going to St. Louis, to take care of my family, and would have no more to do with it. John begged me to be more patient, but I said I would not; that I had no time to wait, that I was off for St. Louis; and off I went."

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION ROOM.

The apartment which Mr. Lincoln used as an office in which to transact daily business and to receive informal visits, was on the second floor of the White House. Its simple equipments are thus described by Mr. Arnold: "It was about twenty-five by forty feet in size. In the center, on the

Scarcely a voice was raised in any of the Northern States against this measure, which was seen to be one of absolute necessity and of self-defence on the part of the Government. Every Northern State responded promptly to the President's demand, and from private persons, as well as by the Legislatures, men, arms, and money were offered in unstinted profusion and with the most zealous alacrity, in support of the Government. Massachusetts was first in the field; and on the first day after the issue of the proclamation, her Sixth regiment, completely equipped, started from Boston for the National Capital. Two more regiments were also made ready, and took their departure within forty-eight hours."

THE RIOTS IN BALTIMORE.

The Sixth Massachusetts regiment, on its way to Washington, on the 19th of April was attacked by a mob in Baltimore, carrying a secession flag, and several of its members were killed or severely wounded. "This inflamed to a still higher point the excitement which already pervaded the country. The whole Northern section of the Union felt outraged that troops should be assailed and murdered on their way to protect the Capital of the Nation. In Maryland, where the secession party was strong, there was also great excitement, and the Governor of the State and the Mayor of Baltimore united in urging, for prudential reasons, that no more troops should be brought through that city." In answer to the remonstrances of Governor Hicks and a committee of secessionists from Maryland, who presented their petition in person, Mr. Lincoln, intent on avoiding every cause of offense, replied: "For the future, troops must be brought here; but I make no point of bringing them through Baltimore. Without any military knowledge myself, of course I must leave details to General Scott. He hastily said this morning, in the presence of these gentlemen, 'March them around Baltimore, and not through it.' I sincerely hope the General, on fuller reflection, will

consider this practical and proper, and that you will not object to it. By this, a collision of the people of Baltimore with the troops will be avoided, unless they go out of their way to seek it. I hope you will exert your influence to prevent this. Now and ever, I shall do all in my power for peace, consistently with the maintenance of the Government."

ATTITUDE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.—HIS LOYALTY.—HIS DEATH.

Instantly on the announcement that the North and South were arming for a deadly contest, the great leader of the Democracy, and the life-long political opponent of Mr. Lincoln, declared his purpose to stand by the Government. "One of the most encouraging incidents of this opening chapter of the war," says Dr. Holland, "was a visit of Mr. Douglas to Mr. Lincoln, in which the former gave to the latter the assurance of his sympathy and support in the war for the preservation of the Union. It is to be remembered that Mr. Douglas was an ambitious man, that he was a strong party man, that he had battled for power with all the persistence of a strong and determined nature, and that he was a sadly disappointed man. The person with whom he had had his hardest fights occupied the chair to which he had for many years aspired. On Sunday, the fourteenth of April, all Washington was alive with excitement under the effect of the news of the fall of Sumter. Secessionists could not conceal their joy, and the loyal were equally sad and indignant. Churches were forsaken, and the opening of the war was the only topic of thought and conversation. Under these circumstances, Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, who was personally on the most friendly terms with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, called on the latter in the evening, to obtain from him some public declaration that should help the Government in its extremity. He found the Senator surrounded by political friends, who were soon dismissed; and then, for an hour, the two men discussed the relations of Mr. Douglas to the administration.

that time connected with the army of the Potomac, says: "I was near the river-bank, looking at a block-house which had been built for the defense of the aqueduct, when I saw a carriage coming by the road that crossed the Potomac river at



W. T. Sherman

Georgetown by a ferry. I thought I recognized in the carriage the person of President Lincoln. I hurried across a bend, so as to stand by the roadside as the carriage passed. I was in uniform, with a sword on, and was recognized by Mr.

I've a white elephant on my hands, one hard to manage. With a fire in my front and rear, having to contend with the jealousies of the military commanders, and not receiving that cordial co-operation and support from Congress that could reasonably be expected with an active and formidable enemy in the field threatening the very life-blood of the Government, my position is anything but a bed of roses."

LINCOLN'S UNFALTERING COURAGE.

But in the darkest hours of the nation's peril, Mr. Lincoln never faltered. Anxious and careworn, his heart bleeding with grief for the losses of our brave soldiers, and harassed by the grave duties constantly demanding his attention, he had but one purpose: to go on unfalteringly and unhesitatingly in his course, until the supremacy of the Government was restored in every portion of its territory. Whatever he suffered or feared, no gloomy forebodings or weak repinings came from him.

RELIEF IN STORY-TELLING.

Mr. Lincoln had, however, one important resource in his dark hours, an ever-ready relief for his overcharged emotions. It was his love of story-telling. The habit had been formed in his early years, and now it was his unfailing solace. Hon. Hugh McCullough, afterward Secretary of the Treasury, relates that about a week after the battle of Bull Run he called at the White House, in company with a few friends, and was amazed, when, referring to something which had been said by one of the company about the battle which was so disastrous to the Union forces, the President remarked, in his usual quiet manner: "That reminds me of a story," which he told in a manner so humorous as almost to lead his listeners to believe that he was free from care and apprehension. Mr. McCullough could not then understand how the President could feel like telling a story, when Washington was in danger of being captured, and the whole North was dismayed. He

learned his mistake afterwards, however, and perceived that his estimate of Lincoln before his election was well grounded, and that he possessed even higher qualities than he had been given credit for; that he was "a man of sound judgment, great singleness and tenacity of purpose, and extraordinary sagacity; that story-telling was to him a safety-valve, and that he indulged in it, not only for the pleasure it afforded him, but for a temporary relief from oppressing cares; that the habit had been so cultivated that he could make a story illustrate a sentiment and give point to an argument. Many of his stories were as apt and instructive as the best of *Æsop's fables.*"

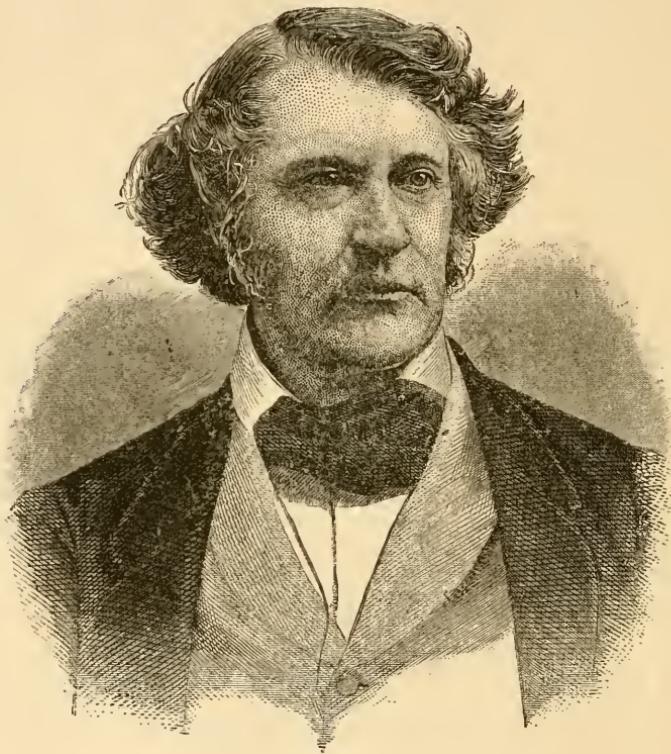
"NOT TAKING OATS NOW."

The Hon. T. J. Coffey, who was a law-officer of the Government under Mr. Lincoln, relates a story concerning the U. S. Marshals and their eagerness to get hold of a fund of money that had been appropriated by Congress for their relief in certain suits pending against them. They had previously been petitioning the Government to defend them in these suits; but as soon as they heard of the appropriation, they changed their tactics and clamored for the money. "They remind me," said Mr. Lincoln, when the matter had been brought to his attention, "of the man in Illinois whose cabin was burned down, and, according to the kindly custom of early days in the West, his neighbors all contributed something to start him again. In his case they had been so liberal that he soon found himself better off than before the fire, and he got proud. One day a neighbor brought him a bag of oats, but the fellow refused it with scorn. 'No,' said he, '*I'm not taking oats now. I take nothing but money.*'"

A PRETTY GOOD LAND TITLE.

Hon. Lawrence Weldon relates that on one occasion he called upon the President to inquire the probable outcome of a conflict between the civil and military authorities, for the

coln, 'the military authorities have the same title against the civil authorities that closed out Bob's Mormon title in Missouri.' " Judge Weldon says that, after this anecdote, he understood what would be the policy of the Government in



Charles Sumner

HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

the matter referred to as well as though a proclamation had been issued.

MEASURING BACKS WITH CHARLES SUMNER.

It is related that Charles Sumner, who was a tall man, and proud of his height, once worried the President about

"I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it."

A GOOD BRIDGE-BUILDER.

"Mr. Lincoln had his joke and his 'little story' over the disruption of the Democracy. He once knew, he said, a sound churchman, of the name of Brown, who was the member of a very sober and pious committee, having in charge the erection of a bridge over a dangerous and rapid river. Several architects failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges, and could undoubtedly build that one. So Mr. Jones was called in. 'Can you build this bridge?' inquired the committee. 'Yes,' replied Jones, 'or any other. I could build a bridge to hell, if necessary.' The committee were shocked, and Brown felt called upon to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man, and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to—to—the infernal regions, why, I believe it; but I feel bound to say that I have my doubts about the abutment on the other side.' 'So,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'when politicians told me that the northern and southern wings of the Democracy could be harmonized, why, I believed them, of course; but I always had my *doubts about the abutment on the other side.*'"

A SICK LOT OF OFFICE-SEEKERS.

A delegation once called on Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a gentleman as commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They presented their case as earnestly as possible, and, besides his fitness for the place, they urged that he was in bad health and a residence in that balmy climate would be of great benefit to him. The President closed the interview with the good-humored remark: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."

GETTING RID OF BORES.

Mr. Lincoln's tact in ridding himself of importunate supplicants is illustrated in the following: "Joshua Bell, of Kentucky, was sent, at the head of a delegation from the Kentucky Legislature, to represent certain facts to Mr. Lincoln and secure some desired action from the Executive. The committee was admitted to the White House, where Bell, who was an able man and strong speaker, made a powerful representation of his case. At its close, Lincoln got up and came among the Kentuckians. He began to talk with one and the other about old Kentucky friends. Then he linked arms with Bell, and walked back and forth with him for an hour, chatting and talking, and especially telling funny stories. Finally, other visitors pressed for his attention, and the Kentuckians withdrew and started for home. They got as far as Cincinnati before it occurred to Bell that they had not secured a single expression from Lincoln concerning the object of their visit."

DIDN'T KNOW ILLINOIS WAS IN KENTUCKY.

General Rousseau, a Union officer who distinguished himself at the battle of Shiloh, furnishes a good story which is a neat specimen of Mr. Lincoln's powers of sarcasm. It was early in the war, at the time of the border-state troubles which occupied so much of Lincoln's attention. A State Senator from Paducah, Ky., John M. Johnson by name, who had made himself notorious as a secessionist, wrote to Mr. Lincoln, in May, 1861, a very solemn and emphatic protest, in the name of the sovereign State of Kentucky, against the occupation and fortification of Cairo, on the Illinois side of the Ohio river. Mr. Lincoln replied in a letter written in his own peculiar vein, apologizing for the movement, promising it should not be done again, and declaring that if he had suspected that Cairo, Illinois, *was in Dr. Johnson's Kentucky senatorial district*, he would have thought twice before sending troops there.

CHAPTER IV.

LINCOLN AND STANTON.—A NEW WAR SECRETARY.—MR. CAMERON'S VERSION OF HIS RETIREMENT.—A "LITTLE STORY" ON THE CABINET CHANGE.—GENERAL GRANT'S OPINION OF LINCOLN AND STANTON.—LINCOLN, NOT STANTON, THE RULING POWER.—"I RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT, STANTON!"—A CALM PRESIDENT AND A FURIOUS SECRETARY.—AN UNCOMPLIMENTARY OPINION.—LINCOLN'S SELF-CONSTITUTED ADVISERS.—THE GOVERNMENT ON A TIGHT-ROPE.—HOW MANY REBELS THERE WERE.—"DIRECT FROM THE ALMIGHTY."—THE MILLIONAIRES WHO WANTED A GUNBOAT.—ANOTHER "ADVISORY" COMMITTEE.—WHOSE LEG WAS THE LARGEST?—HE FORGAVE HIM.—A PASS TO RICHMOND IN 1862.—MAKING SOME ONE RESPONSIBLE.—A BOMBASTIC PROPOSAL SQUELCHED.—ALL THE GOOD MEN IN JAIL.—THE STORY OF THE STUTTERING JUSTICE.—"THE RARE RANK GOES RIGHT BEHIND THE FRONT."

IN January, 1862, Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, resigned his position, and Hon. Edwin M. Stanton was appointed his successor. The change was a most fortunate one for the country. Mr. Stanton was a man of singular fitness for the responsible position he assumed, and his patriotic and energetic services can never be overestimated. He had been a Democrat, a member of Buchanan's Cabinet, and was, says Dr. Holland, "the first one in that Cabinet to protest against the downright treason into which it was drifting. He was a man of indomitable energy, devoted loyalty, and thorough honesty. Contractors could not manipulate him, and traitors could not deceive him. Impulsive, perhaps, but true; willful, it is possible, but placable; impatient, but persistent and efficient—he became at once one of the most marked and important of the members of the Cabinet." Lincoln and Stanton together were emphatically "a strong team."

MR. CAMERON'S VERSION OF HIS RETIREMENT.

Mr. Cameron, who is now (1886) in his eighty-eighth year, has given, from his home in Harrisburg, Pa., a very interesting account of his personal relations with Mr. Lincoln, and the causes that led to his retirement from the Cabinet and

the appointment of Mr. Stanton in his place. Mr. Cameron had been the choice of the Pennsylvania delegation for President, at the Chicago Convention in 1860, and it was largely due to him that Mr. Lincoln was nominated.

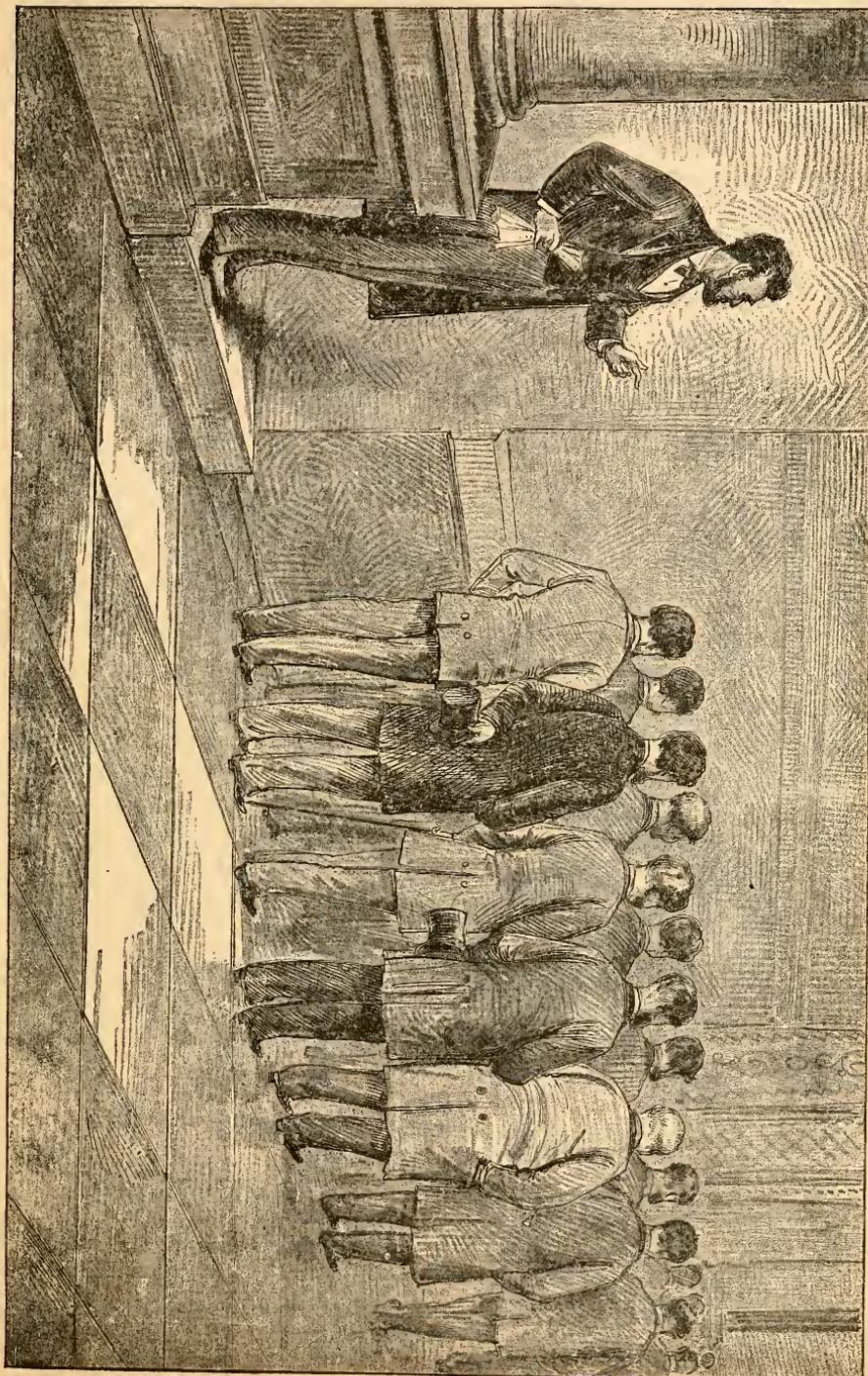
“After the election,” says Mr. Cameron, “I made a trip West at Mr. Lincoln’s request. He had, by letter, tendered



Simon Cameron

me the position of either Secretary of War or Secretary of the Treasury, but when I went to see him he said that he had concluded to make Mr. Seward Secretary of State, and he wanted to give a place to Mr. Chase. ‘Salmon R. Chase,’ said he, ‘is a very ambitious man.’ ‘Very well,’ said I, ‘then the War Department is the place for him. We are going to

AN UNSATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.—THE NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES WHO WANTED PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO SEND THEM A GUN-BOAT.



pointed toward the hen-roost, and before long there appeared, not one skunk, but *seven*. I took aim, blazed away, killed one—and he raised such a fearful smell, I concluded it was best to let the other six alone.’’ The Senators retired, and nothing more was heard from them about Cabinet reconstruction.

GENERAL GRANT'S OPINION OF LINCOLN AND STANTON.

Of the character and abilities of Secretary Stanton, and the relations between him and the President, General Grant has admirably said: “I had the fullest support of the President and Secretary of War. No General could want better backing; for the President was a man of great wisdom and moderation, the Secretary a man of enormous character and will. Very often where Lincoln would want to say *Yes*, his Secretary would make him say *No*; and more frequently, when the Secretary was driving on in a violent course, the President would check him. United, Lincoln and Stanton made about as perfect a combination as I believe could, by any possibility, govern a great nation in time of war. * * * The two men were the very opposite of each other in almost every particular, except that each possessed great ability. Mr. Lincoln gained influence over men by making them feel that it was a pleasure to serve him. He preferred yielding his own wish to gratify others, rather than to insist upon having his own way. It distressed him to disappoint others. In matters of public duty, however, he had what he wished, but in the least offensive way. Mr. Stanton never questioned his own authority to command, unless resisted. He cared nothing for the feelings of others.”

LINCOLN, NOT STANTON, THE RULING POWER.

With all his force of character and somewhat overbearing disposition, Mr. Stanton did not undertake to rule the President—though this has sometimes been asserted. He would frequently overawe and browbeat others, but he was never imperious in dealing with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Watson, for some

he replied, very deliberately: "Gentlemen, I am by the Constitution commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States; and, as a matter of law, can order anything done that is practicable to be done. But, as a matter of fact, I am not in command of the gun-boats or ships of war; as a matter of fact, I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me, in the present condition of things, to furnish you a gun-boat. The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb; greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar; and in this condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you, gentlemen, are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, *I would build a gun-boat and give it to the Government.*" A gentleman who accompanied the delegation says he never saw one hundred millions sink to such insignificant proportions, as the committee recrossed the threshold of the White House, sadder but wiser men.

ANOTHER "ADVISORY COMMITTEE."

Mr. Joshua F. Speed relates that on one occasion, when Kentucky was overrun, Nelson had been beaten in battle near Richmond and lay wounded in Cincinnati, and Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were alarmed, and Kentucky was aroused, a self-constituted committee of distinguished gentlemen determined to visit and advise with the President as to what would best be done. "I happened," says Mr. Speed, "to be present at the interview. The committee was composed of able and distinguished men. Senator Lane opened for Indiana, Garrett Davis followed for Kentucky, and other gentlemen for Ohio and Illinois. They all had complaints to make of the conduct of the war in the West. Like the expression in the prayer-book, the Government was doing every thing it ought not to do, and leaving undone every thing it ought to do. The President sat on a revolving chair, looking at every one till they were all done. I never saw him exhibit more tact

Mr. Lincoln met him at the door and grasped him warmly by the hand with great delight. ‘Gentlemen,’ said Mr. Lincoln, addressing his Cabinet, ‘this is my old friend, Orlando Kellogg, and he wants to tell us the story of the stuttering justice. Let us lay all business aside, for it is a good story.’ And the wheels of the public business stopped, although the clouds of war were lowering, while the humorous Kellogg, with Lincoln convulsed with laughter, furnished them a little lubrication with a ‘good story.’”

“THE ‘RARE’ RANK GOES RIGHT BEHIND THE FRONT.”

On a certain occasion in the early part of the war, some military gentlemen were instructed to prepare plans for various operations and present them to the President. General E. D. Keyes, one of the officers referred to, thus describes the interview: “We found the President and Secretary of State waiting to receive us in the Executive Mansion. Mr. Lincoln was sitting behind the table, near the end; his right leg, from the knee to the foot, which was not small, rested on the table, his left leg on a chair, and his hands were clasped over his head. These positions were changed frequently during the conference, and I never saw a man who could scatter his limbs more than he. We sat down, and the places occupied by the four persons were about the corners of a square of eight feet sides. Mr. Lincoln then said: ‘There’s no time to lose. Let us hear your reports, gentlemen.’ Meigs read first. Then I read. Meigs went more into the details of engineering, and I into those of artillery, which was my specialty. When we spoke of scarp, counterscarp, terreprains, barbettes, trench cavaliers, etc., Mr. Seward interrupted, saying: ‘Your excellency and I don’t understand all those technical military terms.’ ‘That’s so,’ said Mr. Lincoln, ‘but we understand that the *rare* rank goes right behind the front!’ and then he brought both feet to the floor, and clasped his hands between his knees.”

CHAPTER VI.

LINCOLN AND M'CLELLAN.—THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN OF 1862.—LINCOLN IMPATIENT WITH M'CLELLAN'S DELAY.—LINCOLN DEFENDS M'CLELLAN FROM UNJUST CRITICISM.—SOME HARROWING EXPERIENCES.—THE TERRIBLE REALITIES OF WAR.—M'CLELLAN RECALLED FROM THE PENINSULA.—THE DEFEAT OF GENERAL POPE.—A CRITICAL SITUATION.—M'CLELLAN AGAIN IN COMMAND.—LINCOLN TAKES THE RESPONSIBILITY.—ANNOUNCES HIS DECISION TO AN ASTONISHED CABINET.—M'CLELLAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS REINSTATEMENT.—THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—THE PRESIDENT VINDICATED.—LINCOLN AGAIN DISSATISFIED WITH M'CLELLAN.—VISITS THE ARMY IN THE FIELD.—MR. LINCOLN IN THE SADDLE.—"RIDING DOWN THE LINES" WITH GEN. M'CLELLAN.—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LINCOLN AND M'CLELLAN.—M'CLELLAN'S FINAL REMOVAL.—LINCOLN'S SUMMING-UP OF M'CLELLAN.—A "STATIONARY" ENGINEER.—M'CLELLAN'S "BODY-GUARD."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN's relations with no other person have been so much discussed as those with General McClellan. Volumes have been written on this one subject, and many heated and intemperate words have been uttered on both sides. Much that has been said, no doubt, has been exaggerated; and it will require time, and careful sifting of all the evidence, to arrive at the exact truth. Whatever defects may have marked Gen. McClellan's qualities as a soldier, he must ever remain one of the most conspicuous figures of the war. He was the first Union commander of whom great things were expected; and when he failed to realize the extravagant expectations of the period when it was believed the war was to be ended within a year, he received equally extravagant condemnation. It is worth remembering that the war was not ended until two and a half years after McClellan's retirement, and until trial after trial had been made, and failure after failure had been met, in the effort to find a successful leader for our armies.

It is not, however, in the province of the present narrative to enter into a consideration of the merits or demerits of Gen. McClellan as a soldier, but only to treat of his personal rela-

tions with President Lincoln. Between the two men, notwithstanding many sharp differences of opinion and of policy, there seems to have been a feeling of warm personal friendship and sincere respect. Now that both have passed beyond



Geo W. Lee
May 1863

the reach of earthly praise or blame, we may well honor their memory and credit them with having done each the best he could to serve his country.

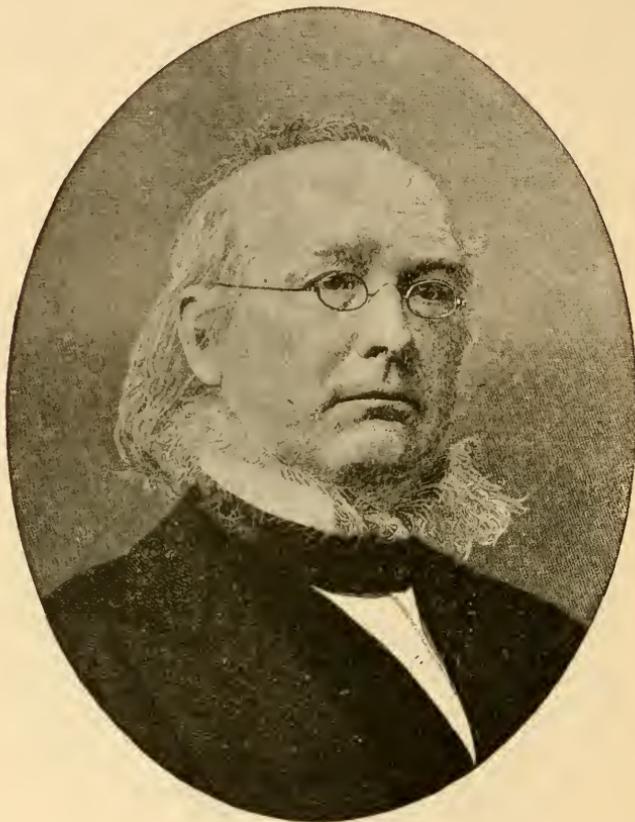
declaring the slaves of rebels in his department free. The order was premature and unauthorized, and the President promptly annulled it. Gen. Fremont was thus, in a sense, the pioneer in military emancipation ; and he lived to see the policy proposed by him carried into practical operation by all our armies. Mr. Lincoln afterwards said : "I have great respect for General Fremont and his abilities, but the fact is that the pioneer in any movement is not generally the best



Unrest
J. C. Fremont

man to carry that movement to a successful issue. It was so in old times ; Moses began the emancipation of the Jews, but didn't take Israel to the Promised Land after all. He had to make way for Joshua to complete the work. It looks as if the first reformer of a thing has to meet such a hard opposition, and gets so battered and bespattered, that afterward, when people find they have to accept his reform, they will accept it more easily from another man."

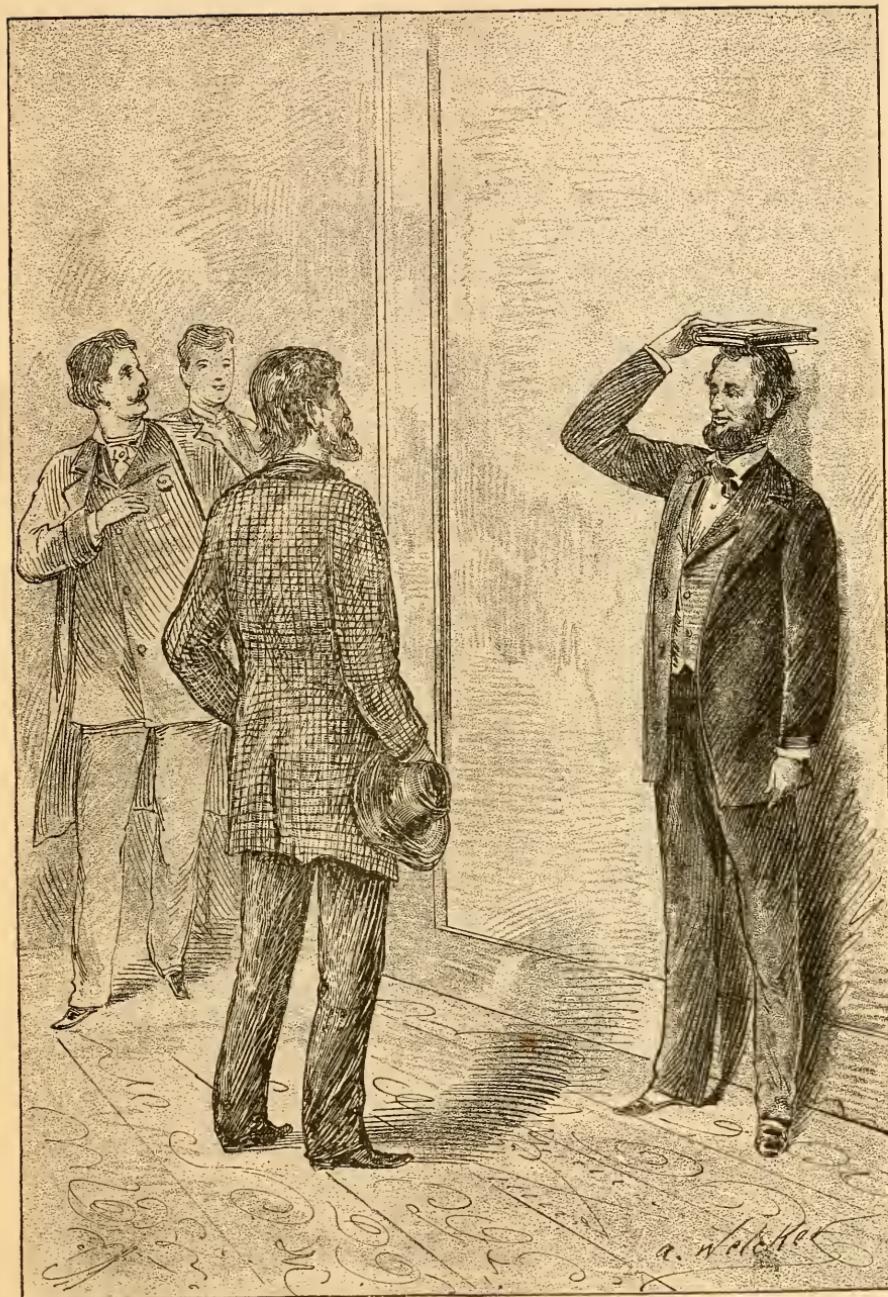
may say anything you like about me, if that will help. Don't spare me!' This was said with some laughter, but still in earnest."



Horace Greeley

LINCOLN AND HORACE GREELEY.—ANSWER TO "THE PRAYER
OF TWENTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE."

One of the severest opponents of President Lincoln's policy regarding slavery was Horace Greeley. He criticised Mr. Lincoln freely in the New York Tribune, of which he was editor, and said many harsh and bitter things of the adminis-



SCENE IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.—MR. LINCOLN MEASURING HEIGHT
WITH A COUNTRY VISITOR.

tionably a good routine officer, who obeys orders and in a general way carries out his instructions.' "

LOYALTY TO HIS FRIENDS.

Loyalty to his friends was one of the strongest traits in Mr. Lincoln's simple and steadfast nature. It was put to the proof daily during his life in Washington, and withstood every test. Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard, in a brief but interesting memorial, relates one or two interviews held with the President, in which the simplicity of his character and his fidelity to old friendships appear very conspicuously. Mr. Hubbard's acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln was of long standing. They had first met while the latter was serving in the Legislature of Illinois, in the Winter of 1832-3, and an attachment had immediately sprung up between them. Mr. Hubbard's feeling toward the then young and rising lawyer was imbued with the enthusiasm which Lincoln inspired in all who knew him. "His character was nearly faultless," writes Mr. Hubbard. "Possessing a warm, generous heart, genial, affable, honest, courteous to his opponents, persevering, industrious in research, never losing sight of the principal point under discussion, aptly illustrating by his stories, always brought into good effect; free from political trickery or denunciation of the private character of his opponents; in debate firm and collected, with 'charity toward all, malice toward none,' he won the confidence of the public, even of his political opponents. * * * I called on him in Washington the year of his inauguration, and was alone with him for an hour or more. I found him greatly changed, his countenance bearing an expression of great mental anxiety. The whole topic of our conversation was the war, which affected him deeply. Examining the map hanging on the wall, pointing out the points most strong in the rebel district, he said: 'Douglas and myself have studied this map very closely. I am indebted to him for wise counsel. I have no better adviser, and feel under great obligations to

phrase,—suggesting that Mr. Lincoln was not now preparing a campaign document, or delivering a stump speech in Illinois, but constructing an important state paper, that would go down historically to all coming time; and that, therefore,



W. B. Stone

he did not consider the phrase, "sugar-coated," as entirely a becoming and dignified one. "Well, Defrees," said Mr. Lincoln, good-naturedly, "if you think the time will ever come

face, as he said: "Ashley, sit down! I respect you as an honest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I have been constantly since the beginning of the war; and I say to you now, that were it not for this occasional *vent*, I should die."

LINCOLN'S DEEPLY RELIGIOUS NATURE.

A lady who was a member of the President's household, says that once, while a great battle was in progress, he came into the room where she was, looking very worn and haggard, and saying that he was so anxious that he could not eat. The possibility of defeat depressed him greatly; but the lady told him he must trust, and that he could at least pray. "Yes," said he, and taking up a Bible, he started for his room. Could all the people of the nation have overheard the earnest petition that went up from that inner chamber, says the lady by whom the incident is related, they would have fallen upon their knees with tearful and reverential sympathy.

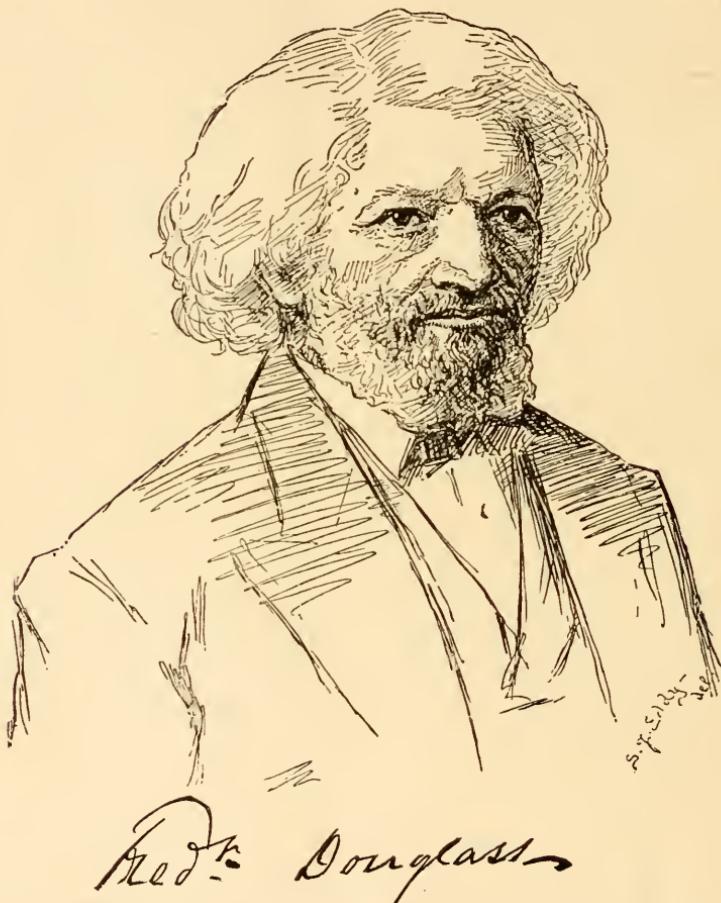
Alluding to this phase of Mr. Lincoln's character, and to his trials and sufferings, Mrs. H. B. Stowe says: "Among the many accusations which in hours of ill-luck have been thrown upon Mr. Lincoln, it is remarkable that he has never been called self-seeking or selfish. When we were troubled and sat in darkness, and looked doubtfully towards the Presidential chair, it was never that we doubted the good-will of our pilot—only the clearness of his eyesight. But Almighty God has granted to him that clearness of vision which he gives to the true-hearted, and enabled him to set his honest foot in that promised land of freedom which is to be the patrimony of all men, black and white; and from henceforth nations shall rise up to call him blessed. We believe he has never made any religious profession, but we see evidence that in passing through this dreadful national crisis he has been forced by the very anguish of the struggle to look upward, where any rational creature must look for support. No man in this agony has suffered more and deeper, albeit with a dry, weary,

and Generals in the South. 'My own impression, Mr. Phillips,' said the President, 'is that the masses of the country generally are only dissatisfied at our lack of military successes. Defeat and failure in the field make everything seem wrong.' His face was now clouded, and his next words were somewhat bitter: 'Most of us here present have been nearly all our lives working in minorities, and many have got into a habit of being dissatisfied.' Several of those present having deprecated this, the President said: 'At any rate, it has been very rare that an opportunity of "running" this administration has been lost.' To this Mr. Phillips answered, in his sweetest voice: 'If we see this administration earnestly working to free the country from slavery and its rebellion, we will show you how we can "run" it into another four years of power.' The President's good humor was restored by this, and he said: 'Oh, Mr. Phillips, I have ceased to have any personal feeling or expectation in that matter—I do not say I never had any—so abused and borne upon as I have been.' * * * On taking our leave, we expressed to the President our thanks for his kindly reception, and for his attention to statements of which some were naturally not welcome. The President bowed graciously at this, and, after saying he was happy to have met gentlemen known to him by distinguished services, if not personally, and glad to listen to their views, added: 'I must bear this load which the country has intrusted to me as well as I can, and do my best.' "

THE ENLISTMENT OF COLORED TROOPS.—INTERVIEW WITH FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

In 1863, the Government, following logically the policy of the Emancipation act, began the experiment of introducing colored soldiers into our armies. This caused not only intense anger at the South, but much doubt and dissatisfaction at the North. To discuss some of the practical and difficult questions growing out of this measure, Frederick Douglass,

the most distinguished representative of the race which America had so long held in chains, was first presented to Mr. Lincoln. The account of the conference, given by Mr. Douglass, is singularly interesting. He says: "I was never more quickly or more completely put at ease in the presence of a



[From a pen and ink sketch furnished by Mr. Douglass expressly for this work.]

great man than in that of Abraham Lincoln. He was seated, when I entered, in a low arm-chair, with his feet extended on the floor, surrounded by a large number of documents and several busy secretaries. The room bore the marks of business, and the persons in it, the President included, appeared

to that position by President Lincoln, in January, 1863. The two men had met briefly early in the war, when Hooker, then living in California, hastened to Washington to offer his services to the Government; but for some reason General Scott disliked him, and his offer was not accepted. After some



*J. Hooker
Maj. Genl.*

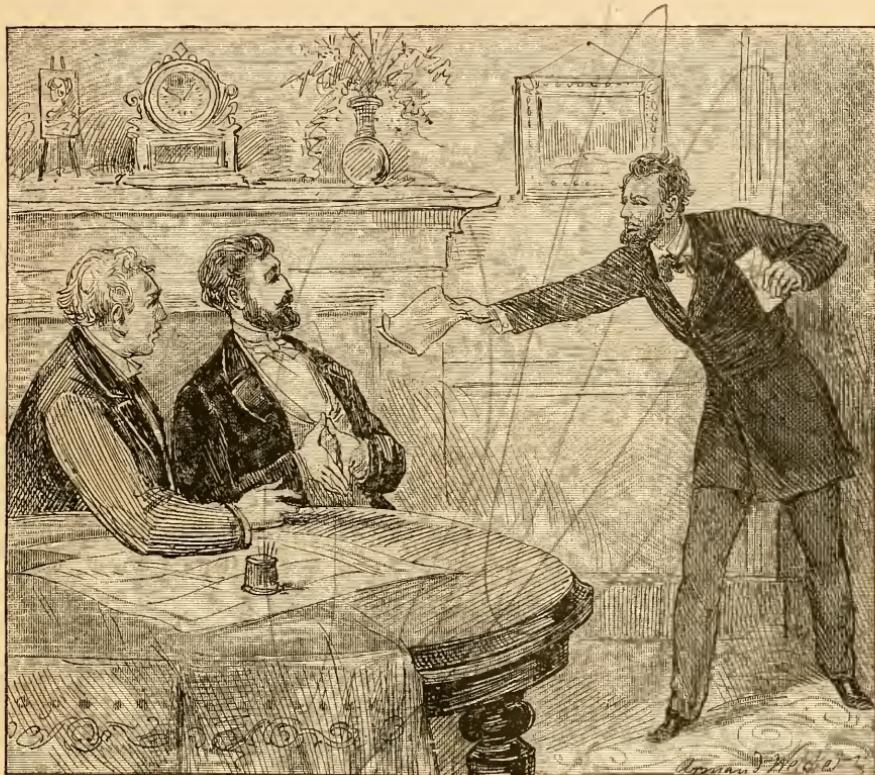
months, Hooker, giving up the idea of getting a command, decided to return to California; but before leaving he called to pay his respects to Mr. Lincoln. He was introduced as "Captain Hooker." The President, being pressed for time, was about to dismiss him with a few civil phrases; when, to his surprise, Hooker began the following speech: "Mr.

made in April, and occupied five or six days. He was accompanied by Attorney-General Bates, Mrs. Lincoln, his son Tad, and by Mr. Noah P. Brooks. The first night out was spent on the little steamer which conveyed the party to their destination. After all had retired to rest, except the anxious President and one or two others, Mr. Lincoln gave utterance to his deep-seated apprehensions in the whispered query to his friend: "How many of our monitors will you wager are at the bottom of Charleston Harbor?" "I essayed," writes Mr. Brooks, "to give a cheerful view of the Charleston situation. But he would not be encouraged. He then went on to say that he did not believe that an attack by water on Charleston could ever possibly succeed. He talked a long time about his 'notions,' as he called them; and at General Halleck's headquarters next day, the first inquiries were for 'rebel papers,' which were usually brought in from the picket lines. These he examined with great anxiety, hoping that he might find an item of news from Charleston. And, one day, having looked all over a Richmond paper several times, without finding a paragraph, which he had been told was in it, he was mightily pleased to have it pointed out to him, and said, 'It is plain that newspapers are made for newspaper men; being only a layman, it was impossible for me to find that.'"

The out-door life, the constant riding, and the respite from the monstrous burdens at the capital, appeared to afford mental and physical benefit to the worn President. But in answer to a remark expressing this conviction, he replied sadly, "I don't know about 'the rest' as you call it. I suppose it is good for the body. But the tired part of me is *inside* and out of reach." "He rode a great deal," says Mr. Brooks, "while with the army, always preferring the saddle to the elegant ambulance which had been provided for him. He sat his horse well, but he rode hard, and during his stay I think he regularly used up at least one horse each day. Little Tad invariably followed in his father's train; and mounted on a smaller

involving the fruitless sacrifice of thousands of gallant soldiers, Hooker's army fell back and recrossed the Rappahannock.

The news of this fresh disaster was an almost stunning shock to President Lincoln. While the battle was in progress, Mr. Noah Brooks relates that, in company with an old friend of Mr. Lincoln's, he was waiting in one of the family



"READ IT—NEWS FROM THE ARMY."

rooms of the White House. "A door opened and Lincoln appeared, holding an open telegram in his hand. The sight of his face and figure was frightful. He seemed stricken with death. Almost tottering to a chair, he sat down, and then I mechanically noticed that his face was of the same color as the wall behind him—not pale, not even sallow, but gray, like

ashes. Extending the dispatch to me, he said, with a sort of far-off voice, 'Read it—news from the army.' The telegram was from General Butterfield, I think, then chief of staff to Hooker. It was very brief, simply saying that the Army of the Potomac had 'safely recrossed the Rappahannock' and was now at its old position on the north bank of that stream. The President's friend, Dr. Henry, an old man and somewhat impressionable, burst into tears,—not so much, probably, at the news, as on account of its effect upon Lincoln. The President regarded the old man for an instant with dry eyes, and said: 'What will the country say? Oh, what will the country say?' He seemed hungry for consolation and cheer, and sat a little while talking about the failure. Yet, it did not seem that he was disappointed. He only thought that the country would be."

THE FAILURE OF OUR GENERALS.—“WANTED, A MAN.”

Mr. Lincoln's solicitude regarding the effect at the North of these repeated reverses was not without sufficient cause. Aside from those who were positively opposed to the war, the loyal people were wearying of the useless slaughter; the unavailing struggles, of the gallant soldiers. The feeling of that time is so well expressed in a stirring poem entitled "Wanted, A Man," written by Mr. E. C. Stedman, that we give it here. It has an additional personal interest connected with President Lincoln, in the fact that he was so impressed with the piece that he read it aloud to his assembled Cabinet:

"Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to their echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan:
End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

“Give us a man of God’s own mould,
 Born to marshal his fellow-men ;
 One whose fame is not bought and sold
 At the stroke of a politician’s pen ;
 Give us the man of thousands ten,
 Fit to do as well as to plan ;
 Give us a rallying-cry, and then,
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !

“No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
 And to march and countermarch our brave
 Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,
 And swamp-grass covers each nameless grave ;
 Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
 Aye in Disaster’s shameful van ;
 Nor another, to bluster, and lie, and rave,—
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !

“Hearts are mourning in the North,
 While the sister rivers seek the main,
 Red with our life-blood flowing forth—
 Who shall gather it up again ?
 Though we march to the battle-plain
 Firmly as when the strife began,
 Shall all our offerings be in vain ?—
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !

“Is there never one in all the land,
 One on whose might the Cause may lean ?
 Are all the common ones so grand,
 And all the titled ones so mean ?
 What if your failure may have been
 In trying to make good bread from bran,
 From worthless metal a weapon keen ?—
 Abraham Lincoln, find us a MAN !

“O, we will follow him to the death,
 Where the foeman’s fiercest columns are !
 O, we will use our latest breath,
 Cheering for every sacred star !
 His to marshal us high and far ;
 Ours to battle, as patriots can
 When a Hero leads the Holy War !—
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !”

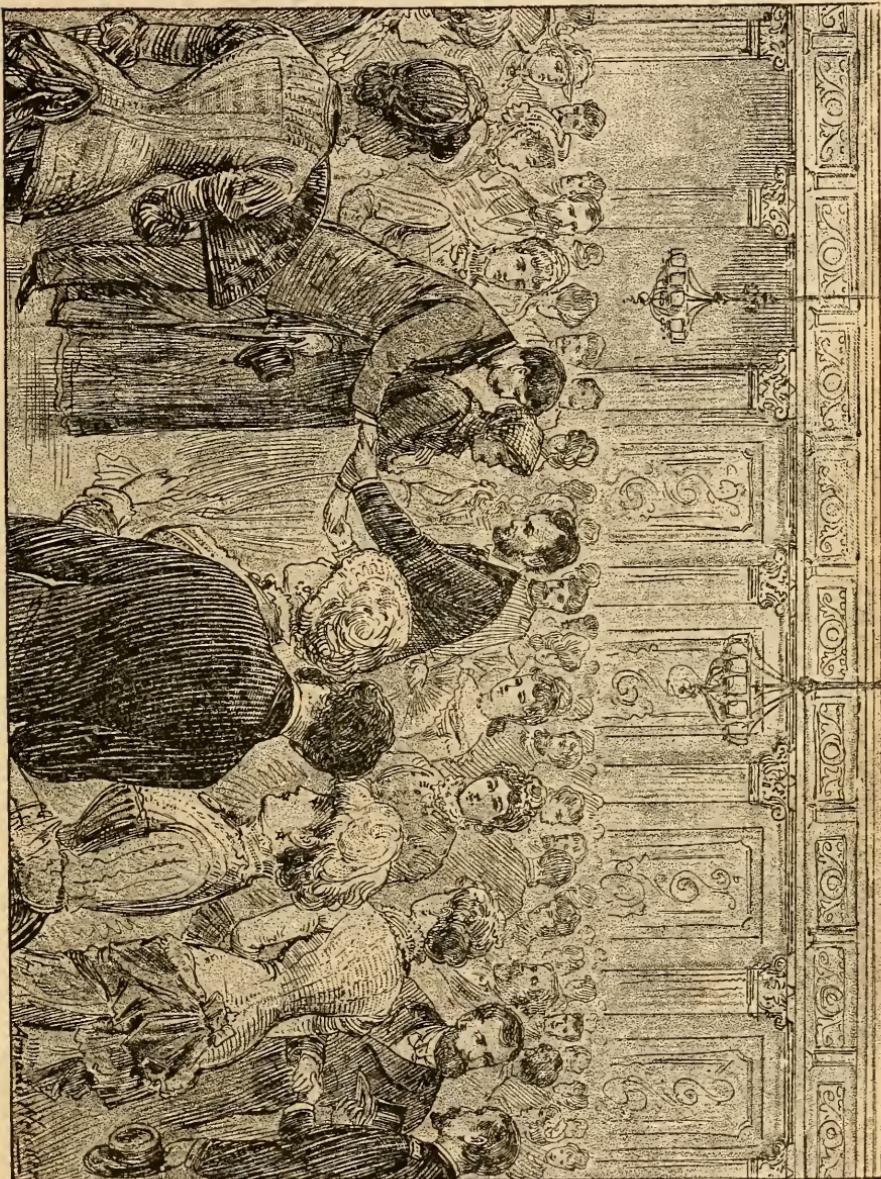
ley says: "I think no father ever loved his children more fondly than he. The President never seemed grander in my



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND "LITTLE TAD."

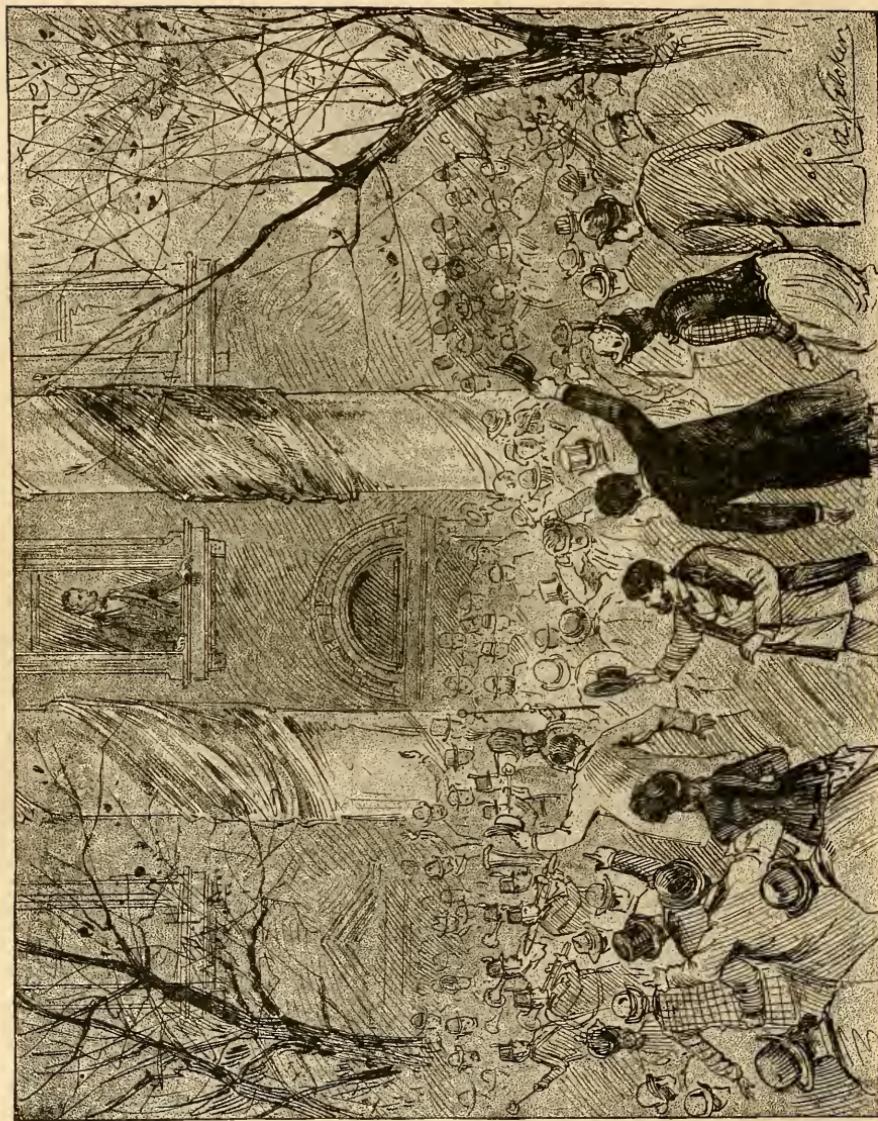
sight than when, stealing upon him in the evening, I would find him with a book open before him, with little Tad beside

his plainly-dressed mother. Instantly Mr. Lincoln pushed his way toward them, and taking each by the hand, he spoke

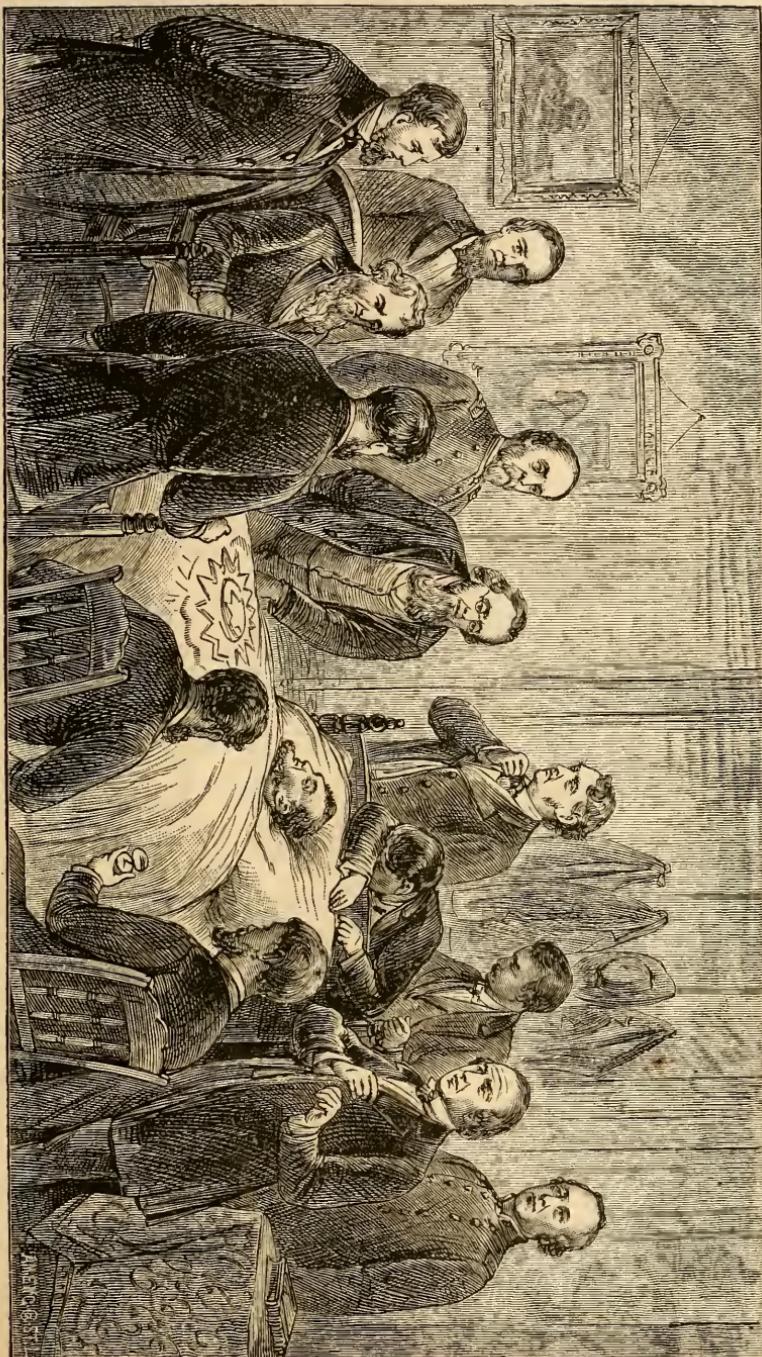


MR. LINCOLN GREETING THE WOUNDED SOLDIER AND HIS MOTHER.—SCENE AT A PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

to them kindly, giving them a cordial welcome, and inquiring their names and residence. Prominent public men and army



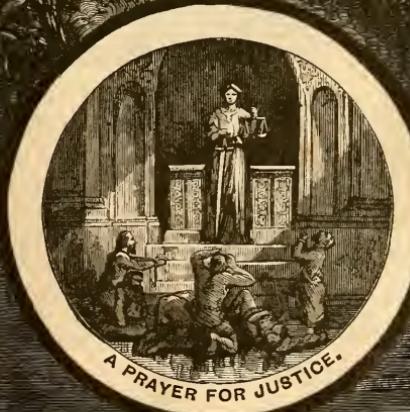
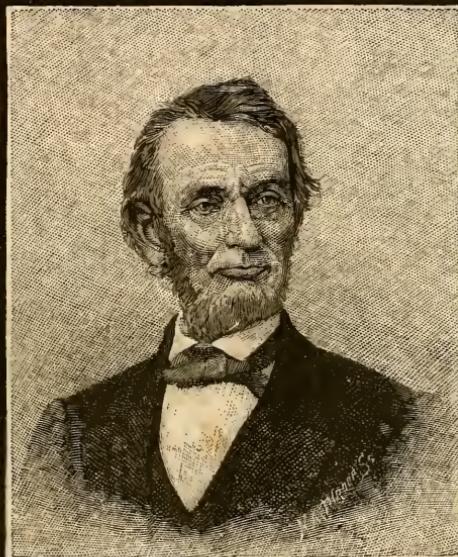
THE REJOICING IN WASHINGTON OVER LEE'S SURRENDER.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN SPEAKING FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.



SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AT FORD'S THEATRE,
WASHINGTON.



At the principal cities delays were made to enable the people to pay their tribute of respect to the remains of their beloved President. Through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, the train passed to New York City, where a magnificent funeral was held; thence along the shore of the Hudson river to Albany, thence westward through the principal cities of New



OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., SHOWING LINCOLN'S TOMB AND MONUMENT.

York, Ohio, and Northern Indiana, it wended its solemn way, reaching, on the 1st of May, the city of Chicago. Here very extensive preparations for funeral obsequies had been made by the thousands who had known him in his life, and other thousands who had learned to love him; and now mourned his death.

AT REST IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY.

On the 3d of May the funeral train reached Springfield, where the old friends and neighbors received reverently back the dust of the beloved dead. Funeral services were held, and for twenty-four hours the catafalque remained in the hall of the House of Representatives, where thousands of tear-dimmed eyes gazed for the last time upon the dear familiar face. Then, on the morning of the 4th of May, a sorrowing procession escorted the remains on their last journey, to the beautiful grounds of Oak Ridge Cemetery. And in that calm retreat, hallowed by Sabbath stillness, he rests from the care and turmoil of his troubled life, while around him Nature spreads her loveliness and peace. And o'er his grave the little children's hands shall scatter flowers, and maidens drop the tear of sweet sincerity, and youth quicken its aspirations for a noble life. And here shall come the gray-haired soldier of that stormy war, to salute reverently his great commander's tomb. And here be paid the loving homage of the dusky race that he redeemed; no fragrance of Summer blooms could be sweeter to him than their prayers, nor the dews of Heaven fall gentler than their tears upon his dust. And pilgrims from every land, who value human worth and human liberty, shall hither bring their tributes of respect. And here, long as our Government endures, shall throng his patriot countrymen, not idly to lament his loss, but to resolve THAT FROM THIS HONORED DEAD THEY TAKE INCREASED DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE FOR WHICH HE GAVE THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION; THAT THE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN; THAT THE NATION SHALL, UNDER GOD, HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM; AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race.

R. H. STODDARD.

PART IV.

MEMORIES OF LINCOLN.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEM ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DEATH.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning:
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

HYMN FOR LINCOLN'S FUNERAL IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

FUNERAL ORATION BY HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates of treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the Republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S "COMMEMORATION ODE."

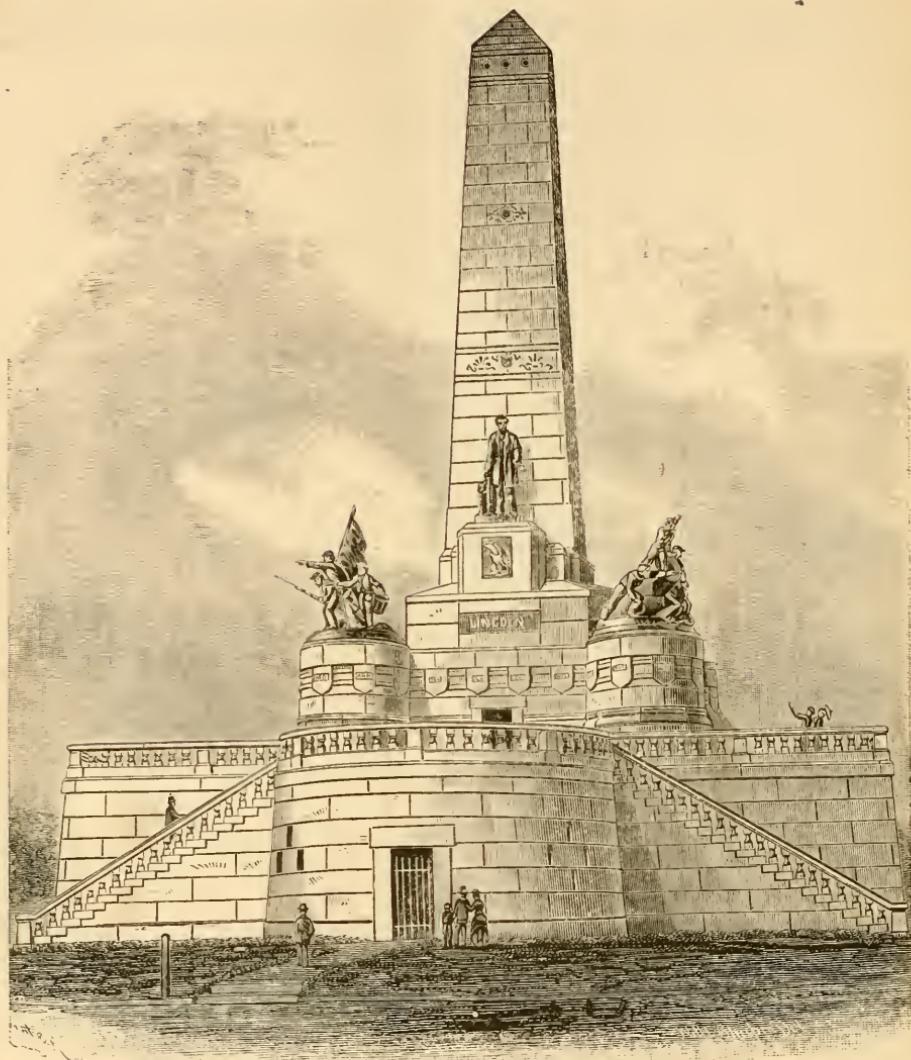
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars.
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined.



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

This beautiful monument was erected in 1874. It was designed by the American artist, Larkin G. Mead, and cost upwards of \$200,000. Its height is one hundred feet. The bronze statue of Lincoln—a remarkably life-like figure—is ten feet high, but from the ground appears life-size. The left hand of the figure holds a scroll, representing the Emancipation Proclamation, and the right hand holds a pen. At the corners of the shaft are bronze groups, representing the infantry, cavalry and artillery branches of the army, with another group for the navy.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD'S ODE ON LINCOLN.

Not as when some great Captain falls
In battle, where his country calls,
Beyond the struggling lines
That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead;
Or, in the last charge, at the head
Of his determined men,
Who *must* be victors then.

Nor as when sink the civic great,
The safer pillars of the State,
Whose calm, mature, wise words
Suppress the need of swords.

With no such tears as e'er were shed
Above the noblest of our dead
Do we to-day deplore
The Man that is no more.

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,
A wonder, blind and dumb,
That waits—what is to come!

Not more astounded had we been
If Madness, that dark night, unseen,
Had in our chambers crept,
And murdered while we slept.

We woke to find a mourning earth,
Our Lares shivered on the hearth,
The roof-tree fallen, all
That could affright, appall!

Such thunderbolts, in other lands,
Have smitten the rod from royal hands,
But spared, with us, till now,
Each laurelled Cæsar's brow.

No Cæsar he whom we lament,
A man without a precedent,
Sent, it would seem, to do
His work, and perish, too.

Weep, weep—I would ye might—
Your poor black faces white.

And, children, you must come in bands,
With garlands in your little hands,
Of blue, and white, and red,
To strew before the dead.

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose,
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come,
And memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year.

For many a year and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that Paternal Soul.

ORATION BY R. W. EMERSON.

The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quiet, native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Black Hawk War, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place.

* * * A plain man of the people, extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says: “Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune.” He offered no

march to theirs ; the true representative of this continent ; an entirely public man ; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.—[Extract.] .

POEM BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Were there no crowns on earth,
No evergreen to weave a hero's wreath,
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?
Could there on our unworthy earth be found
Naught to befit his worth?

The noblest soul of all!
When was there ever, since our Washington
A man so pure, so wise, so patient,—one
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though very heaven should fall?

Ah, not for him we weep ;
What honor more could be in store for him—
Who would have had him linger in our dim
And troublesome world, when his great work was done,—
Who would not leave that worn and weary one
Gladly to go to sleep?

For us the stroke was just ;
We were not worthy of that patient heart ;
We might have helped him more, not stood apart,
And coldly criticised his works and ways ;
Too late now, all too late, our little praise
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, O God !
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never, till a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Up from the moulded sod.

Yet what a deathless crown
Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower,

TRIBUTE BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

President Lincoln was of unusual stature, six feet four inches, and of spare but muscular build ; he had been in youth remarkably strong and skillful in the athletic games of the frontier, where, however, his popularity and recognized impartiality oftener made him an umpire than a champion. He had regular and prepossessing features, dark complexion, broad, high forehead, prominent cheek bones, gray, deep-set eyes, and bushy, black hair, turning to gray at the time of his death. Abstemious in his habits, he possessed great physical endurance. He was almost as tender-hearted as a woman. "I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. His patience was inexhaustible. He had naturally a most cheerful and sunny temper, was highly social and sympathetic, loved pleasant conversation, wit, anecdote and laughter. Beneath this, however, ran an under-current of sadness ; he was occasionally subject to hours of deep silence and introspection that approached a condition of trance. In manner he was simple, direct, void of the least affectation, and entirely free from awkwardness, oddity, or eccentricity. His mental qualities were a quick analytic perception, strong logical powers, a tenacious memory, a liberal estimate and tolerance of the opinions of others, ready intuition of human nature ; and perhaps his most valuable faculty was rare ability to divest himself of all feeling or passion in weighing motives of persons or problems of state. His speech and diction were plain, terse, forcible. Relating anecdotes with appreciating humor and fascinating dramatic skill, he used them freely and effectively in conversation and argument. He loved manliness, truth and justice. He despised all trickery and selfish greed. In arguments at the bar he was so fair to his opponent that he frequently appeared to concede away his client's case. He was ever ready to take blame on himself and bestow praise on others. "I claim not to have controlled events," he said, "but confess plainly that events have con-

subordinated and directed dangerously disturbed and perverted moral and political forces to the restoration of peace and constitutional authority to his country, and the gift of liberty to four millions of human beings. Architect of his own fortunes, rising with every opportunity, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty, he not only proved himself pre-eminently the man for the hour, but the signal benefactor of posterity. As statesman, ruler, and liberator, civilization will hold his name in perpetual honor.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL'S ODE ON LINCOLN.

There was tumbling of traitor fort,
Flaming of traitor fleet,—
Lighting of city and port,
Clasping in square and street.

There was thunder of mine and gun,
Cheering by mast and tent,—
When—his dread work all done,
And his high fame full won—
Died the Good President.

In his quiet chair he sate,
Pure of malice or guile, . . .
Stainless of fear or hate,—
And there played a pleasant smile
On the rough and careworn face;
For his heart was all the while
On means of mercy and grace.

The brave old Flag drooped o'er him,
(A fold in the hard hand lay,)—
He looked, perchance on the play,—
But the scene was a shadow before him,
For his thoughts were far away.

'Twas but the morn, (yon fearful
Death-shade, gloomy and vast,
Lifting slowly at last,)—
His household heard him say,
" 'Tis long since I've been so cheerful,
So light of heart as to-day."

'Twas dying, the long dread clang,—
 But, or ever the blessed ray
 Of peace could brighten to-day,
 Murder stood by the way,—
 Treason struck home his fang!
 One throb, and without a pang
 That pure soul passed away.

* * * *

Kindly Spirit!—Ah, when did treason
 Bid such a generous nature cease,
 Mild by temper and strong by reason,
 But ever leaning to love and peace?

A head how sober! a heart how spacious!
 A manner equal with high or low;
 Rough, but gentle; uncouth, but gracious;
 And still inclining to lips of woe.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,
 Grieved when rigid for justice's sake;
 Given to jest, yet ever in earnest
 If aught of right or truth were at stake.

Simple of heart, yet shrewd therewith;
 Slow to resolve, but firm to hold;
 Still with parable and with myth
 Seasoning truth like Them of old;
 Aptest humor and quaintest pith!
 (Still we smile o'er the tales he told.)

Yet whoso might pierce the guise
 Of mirth in the man we mourn
 Would mark, and with grieved surprise,
 All the great soul had borne,
 In the piteous lines, and the kind sad eyes,
 So dreadfully wearied and worn.

* * * *

The Land's great lamentations,
 The mighty mourning of cannon,
 The myriad flags half-mast—
 The late remorse of the nations,
 Grief from Volga to Shannon!
 (Now they know thee at last.)

and overset its balance ; embarrassed by the boastfulness of his people and of his subordinates, no less than by his own inexperience in his relations with foreign States ; beset by fanatics of principle on one side, who would pay no attention to his obligations as a constitutional ruler, and by fanatics of caste on the other, who were not only deaf to the claims of justice, but would hear of no policy large enough for a revolutionary emergency,—Mr. Lincoln persevered through all without ever giving way to anger, or despondency, or exultation, or popular arrogance, or sectarian fanaticism, or caste prejudice, visibly growing in force of character, in self-possession, and in magnanimity, till in his last short message to Congress, on the 4th of March, we can detect no longer the rude and illiterate mold of a village lawyer's thought, but find it replaced by a grasp of principle, a dignity of manner, and a solemnity of purpose which would have been unworthy neither of Hampden nor of Cromwell, while his gentleness and generosity of feeling toward his foes are almost greater than we should expect from either of them.”

POEM BY TOM TAYLOR, IN LONDON PUNCH.

One of the most touching and heartfelt of all the foreign tributes to Mr. Lincoln was that of the genial poet Tom Taylor, published in the London Punch—a paper that had used Mr. Lincoln as a convenient subject of caricature and ridicule. The poem appeared a short time after the assassination.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
 His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;
 You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain ;

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!';
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!';

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

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